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David G Brown









"Both young men, and maidens: old men, and CHILDREN: let them praise the name of the LORD."
Ps. cxlviii. 12, 13.

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NEW

UNION HYMNS



PHILADELPHIA ;
American Sunday-School Union,
146 CHESTNUT STREET.



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UNION HYMNS.

WORSHIP.

Praise.

1 *God's goodness celebrated.* C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

2

Wisdom and knowledge of God. L. M

AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth, where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, oh, what grace!
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines, for ever bright:
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

3

Praise for recovering grace.

8, 7

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by flaming hosts above:
I would chant, with heavenly pleasure,
Praises to thy boundless love.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;

He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

5 Prone to wander, Lord—I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

4 *The Lord our Shepherd.* L. M. 6 lines.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors over-spread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

5 *The goodness and mercy of God. L. M.*

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace:
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

6 *Spiritual and temporal mercies. S. M.*

O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul ;
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins ;
 'Tis he relieves thy pain ;
 'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave ;
 He that redeemed my soul from hell
 Hath sovereign power to save.

7

Seeking God to-day.

H. M.

- COME, let us gladly sing
 To God, our Saviour-King ;
 With thanks his presence seek,
 In psalms his praises speak ;
 He's God most high ; let all draw nigh,
 And crown him Lord of earth and sky.
- 2 He gave the mountains birth,
 He made this spacious earth ;
 His are the sea and land—
 They rose at his command.
 With reverence all before him fall,
 And on his name devoutly call.
- 3 Come, kneel before his throne,
 For he is God alone ;
 We are the flock he leads—
 The sheep his bounty feeds ;
 To-day—to-day—his voice obey ;
 Grieve not the Holy Ghost away.

8

Love of God.

7s.

- SING, my soul, his wondrous love,
 Who, from yon bright world above,
 Ever watchful o'er our race,
 Still to man extends his grace.
- 2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
 He by all must be obeyed:
 What are we, that he should show
 So much love to us below?
- 3 God, thus merciful and good,
 Bought us with a Saviour's blood;
 And, to make our safety sure,
 Guides us by his Spirit pure.
- 4 Sing, my soul, adore his name,
 Let his glory be thy theme!
 Praise him till he calls thee home,
 Trust his love for all to come!

9

Praise to God for his goodness. L. P. M

- I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: He made the sky,
 And earth and seas, with all their train:
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
 And none shall find his promise vain.

10

Praise to Jesus. L. M. 6 lines.

INVITED by a Saviour's love,
We meet to praise his sacred name;
The church below, the church above,
Unite his glory to proclaim;
And infant voices join to swell
The chorus to Immanuel.

- 2 Do any ask why children sing,
And why approach thy heavenly seat?
It is, that we, O Lord, may bring
And lay our tribute at thy feet;
Since thou for children too wast slain,
And wilt not deem their praises vain.
- 3 Lord, with thy love each bosom fill,
And bid each heart aspire to thee;
Make us desire to do thy will,
From sin and folly set us free.
Did Jesus die that we might live?
To Jesus then our souls we give.

11

Praise for pardoning love. C. M.

ETERNAL Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
Oh, could I say, "The Lord is mine!"
'Tis all my soul desires.

- 2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord!
Assure me of thy love;
Oh, speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove:

3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

12

Confidence in God's goodness. C. M.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed.
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed:
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on thee.

13

Praise for redemption.

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus !

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise :

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

14

Thanksgiving for mercy.

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, let our songs
With thee acceptance find ;
Thy loving-kindness we confess,
To us and all mankind.

2 Thanks for creation are thy due,
For life preserved by thee ;

And all the blessings life affords,
So great and yet so free.

3 Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus given ;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.

4 Oh, let a sense of this thy grace
Our best affections move ;
That while our lips proclaim thy praise,
Our hearts may feel thy love.

WHEN Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard ;
The very children owned his claim,
And in his train appeared.

2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed ;
“ Hosanna to the heavenly King,
To David’s holy Seed.”

3 Lord, let the joy be now renewed,
Let children sing thy praise ;
For thou art still as great and good
As in the former days.

4 Oh, sanctify our youthful hearts,
And this shall teach our tongues :
The love and joy thy grace imparts
Shall animate our songs.

Supplication.

16

The suppliant.

8, 7.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
See! I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, oh! send me quick relief.

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

4 On the word thy blood hath sealed
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thy arm be now revealed,
Stay, oh! stay me, lest I fall.

5 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

17

Jesus, the friend of the helpless. L. M.

GOD of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where—but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am—despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

18

Prayer for forgiveness.

L. M.

- A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

19

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

H. M.

O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high;
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, THOU;
We, children of thy grace:
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

20

The call to Samuel.

L. M.

BESIDE the ark, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright,
And there, by holy angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

2 A voice unknown the silence broke,
"Samuel" it called, and thrice it spoke;
He rose, and asked whence came the word,
From Eli? No. It was the Lord.

- 3 Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Celestial visions filled his breast,
And Israel's tribes in him were blest.
- 4 Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear,
Speak, Lord, to us—thy servants hear.

21

The Spirit of adoption.

C. M.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, when I raise my guilty head,
Disdain a father's name.

- 2 My Father—God! How sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit! seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

22

The pilgrim's prayer.

S, 7, 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

23

The mercy-seat.

C. M.

- MY Father, to thy mercy-seat
 My soul for shelter flies:
 'Tis here I find a safe retreat
 When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,
 If thou, my God, art near;
 Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
 And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
 Thy constant aid impart;
 And let thy kind, thy gracious word
 Sustain my trembling heart.
- 4 Oh, never let my soul remove
 From this divine retreat;
 Still let me trust thy power and love,
 And dwell beneath thy feet.

24

Prayer encouraged and offered.

7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Thou wilt not be thrust away.

- 2 With my burden I begin:
 Lord, remove this load of sin!
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;
 Be my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith—
 Let me die thy people's death.

25

God our protector.

H. M.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid;—
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made:
 God is the tower to which I fly;
 His grace is nigh in every hour.

- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares ;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears :
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath :
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home.

26 *Prayer for the divine blessing.* C. M.

OH, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still ;
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

- 2 Oh, send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

- 3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;

27, 28

SUPPLICATION.

Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

27

Prayer for the Spirit.

8, 7, 4.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak—the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Help us all to seek the blessing
Which thou waitest now to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

28

Sincerity and hypocrisy.

C. M.

GOD is a spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies ;
 Their bending knees the ground ;
 But God abhors the sacrifice
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere ;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

29

Safety in God.

S. M.

- WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 Oh, lead me to the Rock
 That's high above my head ;
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear thy name ;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

30

The Christian child.

C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
 How fair the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned
Were all alike divine:
- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thine own.

- O H that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God;
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
 And heal my broken bones;
 He knows the meaning of his saints,
 The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

32

Seeking after God.

C. M.

- SOON as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children, seek my grace;"
 My heart replied without delay,
 "I'll seek my Father's face."
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away;
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In each distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die;
 My God will make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

33

Prayer for a revival.

8, 7, 4

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.

Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one esteemed thy servant
 Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

34

Thirsting for God.

10s.

AS pants the wearied hart for cooling
 springs,
 That sinks exhausted in the summer's
 chase,

So pants my soul for thee, great King of
 kings,

So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-
 place.

2 Why throb, my heart? why sink, my sad-
dening soul?

Why droop to earth, with various woes
oppressed?

My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

3 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the te-
dious day,

And midst the dark and gloomy shades of
night,

To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's
aid?

Thy God the God of mercy still shall
prove,

Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be
paid:

Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love.

35 *For the blessings of Providence.* C. M.

NOW may the Lord of earth and skies
Regard us when we call;

'Tis he who bids the vapours rise,
And showers abundant fall.

2 On thee, our God, we all depend
For life, and health, and food;
Oh, make refreshing showers descend,
And crown the year with good.

3 Let grace come down, like copious rain,
On Zion's drooping field;

86, 37**SUPPLICATION.**

So shall our souls revive again,
And fruit abundant yield.

- 4 Then smiling nature shall express
Her mighty Maker's praise ;
And we, the children of thy grace,
Join her harmonious lays.

36

The appointed way.

78.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
Oh ! do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with heavenly grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee,—here we stay :
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

- 4 Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

37

Thou God seest me.

C. M.

ALmighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book is writ,
Against the judgment-day.
- 3 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.
- 4 Remember, Lord, the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

38

Sincere worship.

L. M.

- MY Father, when I come to thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek thy face—
With my whole heart desire thy grace.
- 2 I plead the name of thy dear Son,
All he has said,—all he has done;
Oh, may I feel his love for me,
Who died from sin to set me free.
- 3 My Saviour, guide me with thine eye;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
With favour crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.
- 4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress thy likeness on my heart:
May I obey thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with thee above.

39

The hour of social prayer.

L. M.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
 And seek the presence of our Lord!
 Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
 And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
 That we may here converse with thee;
 Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet!
 Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,
 That we by faith may see thy face!
 Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill this place.

40

Prayer for daily grace.

7s

WORDS are things of little cost,
 Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
 We forget them, but they stand
 Witnesses at God's right hand,
 And their testimony bear
 For us, or against us there.

2 Oh, how often ours have been
 Idle words and words of sin!
 Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
 Or deceit, our faults to hide,
 Envious tales, or strife unkind,
 Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
 Strength to watch, and grace to pray:

May our lips, from sin kept free,
 Love to speak and sing of thee ;
 Till in heaven we learn to raise
 Hymns of everlasting praise.

41

The love and fear of God.

C. M.

ETERNAL God ! we look to thee ;
 To thee for help we fly ;
 Thine eye alone our wants can see,
 Thy hand alone supply.

2 Lord ! let thy fear within us dwell ;
 Thy love our footsteps guide :
 That love will all vain love expel ;
 That fear, all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Oh, let thy grace supply ;
 The good unasked in mercy grant ;
 The ill, though asked, deny.

42

Prayer for converting grace.

S. M.

MY life's a narrow span,
 A short, uncertain day ;
 And if I reach the age of man,
 It soon will pass away.

2 I may, for aught I know,
 This hour the summons hear ;
 To call me where the wicked go,
 Or where the saints appear.

3 Lord, hear my humble prayer,
 Awake my drowsy sense ;

My soul for that great change prepare,
Before I'm taken hence.

- 4 Teach me, with all my heart,
Thy mercy to embrace ;
At once with every sin to part,
And seize the hour of grace.

43 *Prayer for a blessing on teachers. C. M.*

HERE, Lord, before thy mercy-seat,
In Christ's prevailing name,
Behold a band of children meet,
Their Father's love to claim.

- 2 Our foolish hearts, alas ! are slow
To understand thy way ;
Oh, teach us, Lord, thy will to know,
And help us to obey.
- 3 Kind are the friends who bring us here
To learn thy holy word ;
But vain is all their toil and care,
Without thy blessing, Lord.
- 4 Fulfil their hopes ; thy grace display
In every youthful mind ;
And while they guide us in thy way,
Let them a blessing find.

44 *Prayer against temptation. C. M.*

ALAS ! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way !
To heaven, oh ! let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears!
 My weak resistance—ah, how vain!
 How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O Lord, increase my faith and hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 4 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let me never—never stray
 From happiness and thee.

45 *Prayer for a sensitive conscience.* C. M.

- I WANT a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or vain desire;
 To check the wandering of the will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve;
 The filial awe, the fleshy heart,
 The tender conscience give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make;
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

- 5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove ;
Restore me to the narrow way,
Uphold me with thy love.
- 6 Oh, may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to that blood again
Which makes the wounded whole.

46

Prayer for Divine guidance. L. M.

- LET children to their God draw near
With reverence and with holy fear ;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Judge, our Saviour, and our Friend.
- 2 Lord, may thy mercies great and free
Fill us with gratitude to thee ;
And still, as through the world we go,
More of these mercies may we know.
- 3 Far from our hearts, O Lord, remove
The evil thoughts that sinners love ;
And give us wisdom, day by day,
To choose the strait and narrow way.
- 4 In times of sickness, times of health,
In times of poverty or wealth,
And in our last and dying hour,
Save us by thine almighty power.
- 5 Then may we join the happy band
That in thy heavenly temple stand ;
And as thy goodness we adore,
Sing glory, glory, evermore.

47 *For a blessing on public worship.* C. M.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
Oh, pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice :
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word ;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee ;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

48 *For a blessing on social worship.* C. M.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art ;
Kindle a flame of heavenly fire
In every waiting heart.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

49

Prayer for a child-like spirit.

7s.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive:
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that thou wilt care:—
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

Thanksgiving.

50 *For the blessings of the gospel.* C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice!
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice:—

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

51 *For grace in Christ.* L. M.

NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal name!
And all his boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme—
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
- 4 Oh, may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

52

For covenant mercies.

C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
- 3 Oh, make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Oh, make his service your delight;
He'll make your wants his care.

53 *Invitation to the house of prayer.* S. M.

COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;

The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

54 *The glory of Christ.* L. M.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 Oh, for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;

The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

- 5 Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

55

The service of God.

L. M.

MAY I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

- 2 Oh, be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

56

God the giver of all good.

C. M.

FATHER, to thee our souls we lift,
On thee our hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
 And power and wisdom too;
 Without the Spirit of thy Son
 We nothing good can do.
- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
 Our good is all divine;
 The praise of every holy thought
 And righteous word, is thine.
- 4 From thee—through Jesus—we receive
 The power on thee to call;
 In thee, O Lord, we move and live—
 Our God is all in all.

57

Blessedness of God's service.

H. M.

- LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples, are!
 To thine abode my heart aspires,
 With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 Oh, happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 Oh, happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still; and happy they
 That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:

Oh, glorious seat! when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

- 4 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, than shine in courts.

58

Blessings of prayer.

L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

59

Daily mercies.

S. M.

GOD is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To him my life, my health, my friends,
And every good, I owe.

2 The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

3 He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to his glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

60

God all in all.

S. M.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

3 Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

4 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

Public and Social Worship.

61 *Sabbath worship a delight.* S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

62 *Invitation to public worship.* S. P. M.

HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
“Come, let us seek our God to-day!”
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion’s hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,

To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

- 3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

63

Universal worship.

L. M.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

- 3 Oh, enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

- 4 He is the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

64

Public worship.

C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

- 2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 4 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

65

Preparation for worship.

S. M.

- LORD, fix our wandering thoughts,
Thy sacred word to hear,
With deep attention and with love,
With reverence and with fear.
- 2 Let us remember still
That God is present here,
And let our hearts be all engaged
When we draw near in prayer.
- 3 And when the humble notes
Of praise our lips employ,
Give us to taste the sweet delight
Which saints in heaven enjoy.
- 4 Oh, may thy sacred word
Sink deep in every breast,
And let us all by grace be brought
To Christ, the promised rest.

66

God's gracious call to sinners. C. M.

LET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above :
For, lo ! the great Jehovah speaks,
And every word is love.

2 "Come forth," he says, "no more pursue
The paths that lead to death ;
Look up,—a bleeding Saviour view ;
Look, and be saved by faith."

3 Lord, speak these words to every heart,
By thine all-powerful voice ;
That we may now from sin depart,
And make thy love our choice.

67

Praise to God.

7, 6, 7.

PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show.
Praise him for his noble deeds ;
Praise him for his matchless power ;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name :
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
Him Prince of peace proclaim.
Praise him, every tuneful string :
All the reach of heavenly art,

68, 69

WORSHIP.

All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

- 3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King.
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath;
Let all things praise the Lord.

68

Invocation.

C. M.

OUR humble voices, Lord, we raise,
Before thy gracious throne;
Oh, tune our hearts to sing thy praise,
For all thy mercies shown.

- 2 Thy watchful eye, thy guardian hand,
Supports us every hour;
And in thy house this day we stand,
Thy goodness to adore.

- 3 Incline our hearts to seek thy face,
The Saviour's name to love;
And form us, by almighty grace,
For nobler praise above.

69

Trust in God:

8's.

THIS God is the God we adore—
A faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

70

Love for Sion.

S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

71

All his works praise him.

C. M.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
 A tongue in every flower,
 Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
 Of thy almighty power.

2 The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
 Proclaim their Maker's praise,
 And all the mingling sounds of spring
 To thee an anthem raise.

3 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
 Midst nature's loud acclaim?
 Shall not my heart, with answering tone,
 Breathe forth thy holy name?

4 All nature's debt is small to mine:
 Nature shall cease to be;
 Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
 Immortal life to me.

72

Rejoicing in God the Saviour.

S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb!

Wake every heart, and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love—
 Sing of his rising power—
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;

Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
“Ye blessed children, come!”
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

73

God's greatness adored.

C. M.

O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name :
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light ;—

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so !

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form ;
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm !

74

Delight in public worship.

L. M.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing—at once they pray—
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

- 2 I have been there, and still would go :
 'Tis like the dawn of heaven below :
 Not all my pleasures and my play
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 Oh, write upon my memory, Lord,
 The text and doctrine of thy word !
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
 That, hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down, and wake with God.

75

The Saviour adored.

L. M.

- F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, begone ;
 Let my religious hours alone ;
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see :
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire :
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
 How sweet thy entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
 In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
 That eyes have seen or angels known.

76

Universal adoration.

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create—and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

77

The Lord my shepherd.

S. M.

THE Lord my shepherd is ;
I shall be well supplied ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows ;

Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
My shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

78

Worship concluded.

S. M.

HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

- 2 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.
- 3 But, oh! the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,

In that unclouded, glorious clime
Where all thy servants meet.

- 4 Then shall the ransomed throng
The Saviour's love record,
And shout, in everlasting song,
"Salvation to the Lord!"

God: His Attributes and Works.

79 *Majesty and power.* C. M.

THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

- 3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

- 5 Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend;
Ye nations, fear his rod;
And let unceasing praise ascend
In honour of our God.

80

Praise to the Lord.

8, 7.

- P**RAISE the Lord! Ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of night.
- 2 Praise the Lord in glory seated,
Heaven and earth, and sea and land;
At his word ye were created,
By his powerful strength ye stand.
- 3 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

81

Power and goodness of God.

C. M.

- I** SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures by his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!

If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There's not a plant nor flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

82

God glorious in majesty.

H. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend!
I love his name, I love his word:
Join, all my powers, to praise the Lord.

83

Universal praise.

S. M.

LET every creature join
To praise the eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays,
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
 And fixed their wondrous frame;
 By his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
 Or fall in showers or snow;
 Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
 His power and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the Lord,
 When ye in dreadful storms conspire
 To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
 His honours be expressed;
 But saints, who taste his saving love,
 Should sing his praises best.

84

The glory of God.

L. M.

- THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;—
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found—
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

85

Wisdom of God's providence.

C. M.

- SINCE all the varying scenes of time
 God's watchful eye surveys,
 Oh, who so wise to choose his lot,
 Or to appoint his ways?
- 2 Good when he gives—supremely good,
 Nor less when he denies;
 E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
 Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
 So constant and so kind?
 To his unerring, gracious will,
 Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
 My God! inscribe my name;
 There let it fill some humble place
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

86

God ever-present.

L. M.

GOD reigns in glory, and on high
 Sits on his throne of majesty;
 Yet from that glorious throne he bends,
 And even to a child attends.

2 Asleep, awake, by night, by day,
 When at my lessons, or my play—
 Although the Lord I cannot see,
 His eye is always fixed on me.

3 He hears me when I pray or praise,
 He also ponders all my ways;
 May I so live as God approves;
 May I be one whom Jesus loves!

4 God never will forsake his own,
 He will not leave me all alone;
 When not another friend is near,
 May I remember God is here!

87

Waiting upon God.

C. M.

I WAIT for thy salvation, Lord,
 With strong desires I wait;
 My soul, invited by thy word,
 Stands watching at thy gate.

2 Just as the guards that keep the night
 Long for the morning skies,

Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes.

3 So waits my soul to see thy grace ;
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

4 There's full redemption at thy throne
For sinners long enslaved ;
The great Redeemer is thy Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

88

God's omnipresence.

L. M.

THIS world, O God, like that above,
Is bright to those who know thy love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

89 *God's omnipresence and omniscience. C. M.*

- I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast. .
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

90 *Living in the presence of God. C. M.*

- T**O thee, my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions lie before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret prayer devotion breathes
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eyes appear.

- 3 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is guided by thy rays ;
My eye, in dark affliction's gloom,
A present God surveys.
- 4 Full in thy view through life I pass,
Full in thy view I die ;
And when all earthly ties dissolve,
My God will still be nigh.

91

God is everywhere.

L. M.

- A MONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way ?
Yes, God is as a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.
- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control ?
No ; for a constant watch he keeps,
On every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet have never trod,
Yet there I should not be alone ;
On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell,
He fills the earth, the air, the sea ;
I must within his presence dwell,
I cannot from his anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee ; he shows me where,
To Jesus Christ he bids me fly ;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

92

Omniscience of God.

L. M.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me
through ;

Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known :
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand ;
Awake—asleep—at home—abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove—where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin—for God is there.

93

Mystery of Providence.

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy—and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

94

God a sovereign.

S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Jesus Christ and his Offices.

95

The compassion of Christ.

S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears—

Angels with wonder see;

Be thou astonished, O my soul!

He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept—that we might weep—

Each sin demands a tear;

In heaven alone no sin is found,

And there's no weeping there.

96

Jesus our pilot.

H. M.

JESUS, at thy command

I launch into the deep,

And leave my native land,

Where sin lulls all asleep:

For thee I would the world resign,

And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;

My compass is thy word;

My soul each storm defies,

While I have such a Lord;

I'll trust thy faithfulness and power

To save me in the trying hour.

- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guard me with his eye;
My anchor, hope, will firm abide,
And every boisterous storm outride.
- 4 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear Lord still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 5 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast;
Oh, may I gain the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves disturb no more.
- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace:
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destined place;
There in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

97

The Saviour's love.

L. M

SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats;
Soft as the tuneful lyres above.

- 2 Soft as the morning dew's descend,
 While the sweet lark exulting soars;
 So soft, to your Almighty friend,
 Be every sigh your bosom pours.
- 3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
 That scatters life and joy abroad;
 Pure as the lucid car of day,
 That wide proclaims its Maker, God.
- 4 Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
 So pure let our contrition be;
 And purely let our sorrows rise
 To Him who bled upon the tree.

98

Jesus precious to the believer.

C. M.

- JESUS, I love thy charming name;
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That heaven and earth might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My treasure and my trust;
 The world compared with thee is nought,
 And all its treasure dust.
- 3 All that my loftiest thoughts can wish
 In thee doth richly meet;
 Not to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there,—
 The noblest balm of all my wounds,
 The cordial of my care.

99

Christ precious to the believer. C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

100

Jesus dying.

L. M.

THE Lord of life, the Saviour, dies,
For mortal crimes a sacrifice;
What love, what mercy, how divine!
Jesus, and can I call thee mine?

2 Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

- 3 Let humble, penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

101

God's glory.

L. M.

- G**REAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our labouring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 Oh, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on, to know and do thy will.

102

The intercession of Christ.

C. M.

- S**EE, in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig-tree stands;
It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.
- 2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found;
It stands, amid the living trees,
A cumberer of the ground.

- 3 But, see, an Intercessor pleads
The barren tree to spare!
“Let Justice still withhold his hand,
And grant another year.
- 4 “Perhaps some means of grace untried
May reach the stony heart;
The softening dews of heavenly grace
May life anew impart.
- 5 “But if these means should prove in vain,
And still no fruit is found,
Then mercy shall no longer plead,
But justice cut it down.”

103

Humiliation of Christ.

C. M.

- AND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty men might rise?
- 2 Yes! the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy, love unknown—
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 4 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
Oh, take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it wholly thine.

104 *The humiliation of Christ.*

7's.

CHRIST is merciful and mild,
He was once a little child ;
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

2 Every bird can build its nest ;
Foxes have their place of rest ;
He, by whom the world was made,
Had not where to lay his head.

3 He who is the Lord most high,
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.

105 *Invitation to Christ.*

S. M.

COME, children, come to God,
Cast all your sins away ;

Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not ye cannot come ;
For Jesus bled and died,

• That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

3 Say not ye will not come,
When God vouchsafes to call,
For fearful will their end be found
On whom his wrath shall fall.

4 Come, then, whoever will,
Come while 'tis called to-day ;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Repent, believe, obey.

106

*A litany.**

- SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
Oh, by all thy pains and wo,
Suffered once for man below;
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By thy birth and early years;
By thy griefs and human fears;
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By the blood upon thy brow;
By thine agonizing vow;
By the purple robe of scorn;
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn;
Cross and passion, pangs and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thy last expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power from death to save;

* Litany is a supplicatory prayer.

107, 108**JESUS CHRIST**

Jesus, our ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear the cry
Of our solemn litany.

107*Jesus our solace.*

7's.

LORD, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.

- 2 Source and giver of repose,
Lasting happiness is thine;
Only from thy smile it flows;
Mine it is, if thou art mine.
- 3 Let me but thyself possess,
Real bliss I then shall prove;
Total sum of happiness,
Heaven below, and heaven above.

108*Jesus our example.*

8, 7.

JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me:
Oh, that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still may be!

- 2 All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.
- 3 I am often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess;
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.

- 4 Lord, assist a feeble creature ;
 Guide me by the word of truth ;
 Condescend to be my teacher,
 Through my childhood and my youth.

109 *Christ, the good shepherd.* 7's.

- T**O thy pastures green and fair,
 Saviour, let a child repair ;
 I will never stray from thee,
 But thy fold my home shall be.
- 2 Like a gentle lamb, I'll stay
 In the meadows fresh and gay ;
 Peaceful and contented there,
 Guarded by my Shepherd's care.
- 3 By the waters still and clear,
 I shall wander without fear ;
 Happy by my Shepherd's side,
 All my wants shall be supplied.
- 4 Lord, wilt thou my Shepherd be ?
 Help me then to follow thee ;
 At thy feet myself I cast,
 Thee to serve while life shall last.

110 *Christ's kingdom universal.* L. M.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made ;
 And endless praises crown his head ;

His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning-sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to their King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

111

Not ashamed of Christ.

C. M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name:
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

112

The reign of Christ.

C. M.

JOY to the world—the Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare him room,

And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world—the Saviour reigns:

Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods—rocks, hills, and
plains,

Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow

Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness

And wonders of his love.

113

Praise for redemption.

S. M.

RAISE your triumphant songs

To an immortal tune;

Let the wide earth resound the deeds

Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love

Its Chief Beloved chose,

And bade him raise our wretched race

From their abyss of woes.

3 'Twas mercy filled the throne,

And wrath stood silent by,

When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

- 4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

114 *Christ present, wherever worshipped. L.M.*

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

115 *God reconciled in Christ. C. M.*

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God—
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The Father smiles again ;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find ;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins ;
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love the incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

116

Redemption finished.

8, 7, 4.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder—
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky !

“ It is finished ! ”

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 It is finished !—Oh, what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford !
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

“ It is finished ! ”

Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"

Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
On my Redeemer's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet ;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine !

118

Jesus our Shepherd.

8, 7, 4.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us :

Much we need thy tender care ;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare.

Blessed Jesus !

Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way ;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.

Blessed Jesus !

Hear young children when they pray.

- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Blessed Jesus !

Let us early turn to thee.

- 4 Early let us seek thy favour,
 Early let us do thy will ;

119, 120

JESUS CHRIST

Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosom fill.
Blessed Jesus !
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

119*Redemption.*

C. M

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day!

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw—and (oh, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

120*The love of God.*

C. P. M.

MY God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravished breast ;
There love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude :
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

121 *All sufficiency of the Redeemer. C. M.*

- THOU blest Redeemer, dying Lamb !
We love to hear of thee ;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so dear can be.
- 2 Oh, may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak !
In thee, O Lord, let us rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.
- 3 Jesus shall ever be our theme,
While in this world we stay ;

122, 123 JESUS CHRIST

We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favoured throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

122 *Christ the sinner's friend.* 8, 7.

ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

123 *Loving-kindness.* L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my low estate;
 His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along;
 His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick, and thundered loud;
 He near my soul has always stood;
 His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;
 But, though I oft have him forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.

124 *Jesus, dying, rising, reigning.* L. M.

- H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,—
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see:
 Jesus, the dead revives again.

- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise ;)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains :
- 6 Say, 'Live forever, wondrous King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !'
 Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting ?'
 And, 'Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?'

125

Christ the refuge.

7's.

- J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh ! receive my soul at last.
- 3 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
- 4 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

- 5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 All in all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
- 5 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

126

Christ our sacrifice.

S. M.

- NOT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
- 1 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.
- 1 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 1 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

127 *Christ the light of the world.* 8, 7.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!

Rise on us, thyself revealing,
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, of life and light Creator!

In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;

Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

4 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou Prince of peace and love!

Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

5 By thine all-sufficient merit,

Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

128 *Christ the rock of ages.* 7's, 6 lines.

ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:

Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands :
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin would not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling :
 Naked, come to thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
 Foul—I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne :
 Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

129

The song of the angels.

8, 7.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies !
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
 Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
 Glory in the highest—glory !
 Glory be to God most high !

- 3 Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found,

- Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

130

Love to Christ.

C. M.

- DO not I love thee, O my Lord?—
Behold my heart and see:
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?

Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, O my Lord;
But yet I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

131 *Danger of neglecting Christ.* S. M.

- A DREAD and solemn hour
To us is drawing near,
When we, before the throne of God,
All present shall appear.
- 2 What answer shall we give,
When God himself demands
The uses of such times as these,
In judgment at our hands?
- 3 And must we then confess
That all was spent in vain;
The seasons that were once our own,
But cannot be again?
- 4 This will be wo indeed;
To regions of despair
Our own neglect will sink us down,
To mourn for ever there.

132 *Christ's resurrection.* 7s.

HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done!
The battle's fought, the victory won!
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,
“Where, O death, is now thy sting?”
Once he died our souls to save,
“Where's thy victory, boasting grave?”

133

A sight of the cross.

C. M.

- I SAW one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Methought he turned his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord had slain.
- 4 A second look he gave, which said,
“I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou mayst live.”

5 Thus, while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon too.

134 *Glorying in the cross of Christ.* L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head—his hands—his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing—so divine,
 Demands my soul—my life—my all.

135 *The gifts of Jesus,* 8, 7.

JESUS gives us true repentance
 By his Spirit sent from heaven;
 Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
 “Son, thy sins are all forgiven.”
 Faith he gives us to believe him,
 Grateful hearts his love to prize;

Want we wisdom? He must give it,
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

2 Jesus gives us pure affections,
Helps us do what he commands;
Makes us follow his directions,
Gives us willing feet and hands.
All our prayers, and all our praises,
We should offer in his name;
He who dictates them is Jesus,
He who answers is the same.

3 Lamb of God! we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross;
That alone be all our glory,
All things else we count but loss.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Endless source of joy and love:
Grant us, Lord, thy constant favour,
Till we reign with thee above.

136

Sitting at the cross.

8, 7

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe:
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his cross to lie;

While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

- 4 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood,
Precious drops my soul bedewing;
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

137

The example of Christ.

L. M

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth—and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love—and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

138

Like Jesus.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an evil word,
That ever heard him speak.

- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
 So frequently in prayer;
 Alone upon the mountain-top,
 He met his Father there.
- 3 I want to be like Jesus,
 For I never, never find,
 That he, though persecuted, was
 To any one unkind.
- 4 I want to be like Jesus,—
 Engaged in doing good,
 So that it may of me be said,
 “She hath done what she could.”
- 5 Alas! I’m not like Jesus,
 As any one may see;
 O gentle Saviour, send thy grace,
 And make me like to thee.

139

Righteousness of Christ.

L. M.

- NO more, my God—I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done:
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count my loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes—and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus’ sake;
 Oh, may my soul be found in him,
 And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

140 *The way, the truth, and the life.* C. M.

TO me, O Lord, be thou the way;
To me, be thou the truth;
To me, my Saviour, be the life,
The guardian of my youth!

2 So shall thy way be my delight,
That truth shall make me free,
That life shall raise me from the dead,
And then I'll live to thee.

141 *Christ crucified.* C. M

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;

142, 143 JESUS CHRIST

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

142 *Jesus our guide.* S. M

JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.

- 2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
Oh, never let me leave thy side,
Nor from thy paths depart.

143 *Jesus precious to the believer.* L. M

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

- 2 Whither—ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile—one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord! outweighs them all.

† Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
 Here safety dwells—and peace divine :
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life—eternal life is thine.

144

All-sufficiency of Jesus.

8's.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see!
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness to me ;
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

‡ His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice.
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I,—

My summer would last all the year.

§ My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Then, why do I languish and pine ?
 And why are my winters so long ?
 Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky ;
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
 Or take me up to thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

145, 146 JESUS CHRIST.

145 *Longing to be with Christ.* 8's.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne:

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power :

3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
Oh, strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 Then that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured ;
I shall see him whom absent I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored.

146 *Love to the Redeemer.* 8's.

MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name :
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ ;

- To see them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeemed, with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell;
 To shine with the angels in light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing,
 To view, with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away.
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
 My joy everlastingly flows—
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

147

Christ, a portion.

C. M.

- FROM pole to pole let others roam,
 And search in vain for bliss;
 My soul is satisfied at home,
 The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who, on his glorious throne,
 Rules heaven and earth and sea,
 Is pleased to claim me for his own,
 And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
 His blood removes my fear;

And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

5 For him, I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown.

148 *The hosannas of children.*

7, 6

WHEN his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him;
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise;
104

The stones, our silence shaming,
 Might well hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No; while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.

149 *The love of Christ constraineth us.* 8, 7.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story
 From the book of God is read,
 How the Lord of life and glory
 Had not where to lay his head.
 2 How he left his throne in heaven,
 Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
 That my soul might be forgiven,
 And ascend to God on high.
 3 Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour!
 Let me not ungrateful be;
 Let my words and my behaviour
 Prove I love and honour thee.
 4 Father, let thy Holy Spirit
 Still reveal a Saviour's love,
 And prepare me to inherit
 Glory, where he reigns above.

150 *Ashamed of Jesus.* L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star!
 He sheds his beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—
 'Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
 And, oh! may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

TO thee, my God and Saviour,
 My heart exulting sings,
 Rejoicing in thy favour,
 Almighty King of kings!
 I'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all thy saints above,
 And tell the wondrous story
 Of thy redeeming love.

- 2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast;

My voice in supplication,
 Well pleased the Lord shall hear :
 Oh, grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

- 3 By thee, through life supported,
 I'll pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted,
 Up to thy bright abode ;
 Then cast my crown before thee,
 And all my conflicts o'er,
 Unceasingly adore thee :—
 What could an angel more ?

152 *Christ our help in temptation.* C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High-priest above ;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 And overflows with love.

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out his cries and tears,
 And, in his measure, feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame ;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

153

"It is finished."

L. M.

- 'TIS finished:—so the Saviour cried;
And meekly bowed his head, and died!
'Tis finished:—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished—all that Heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In me,—the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 ['Tis finished: Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain:]
- 4 'Tis finished:—this my dying groan
Shall sin of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finished:—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finished:—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished:—let the echo fly,
Through heaven and hell, through earth
and sky.

The Holy Spirit and his Offices.

154

Prayer for the Spirit.

5, 6.

O SPIRIT of love,
Who dwellest on high,
Descend from above,
And answer our cry;
Thou ne'er hast denied us
The blessings we crave;
Unerring to guide us,
And mighty to save.

2 All fallen and weak,
Polluted and blind,
Thy comfort we seek,
Thy light in the mind,
Thy strength against evil,
Thy succour within,
To combat the devil,
And overcome sin.

3 Though laden with guilt,
And covered with shame,
Revive us thou wilt,
With the blood of the lamb:
Receiving his merit
For peace to the soul,
The broken in spirit
Are perfectly whole.

4 Thou Comforter true
To the children of grace,

155, 156 THE HOLY SPIRIT

Their love is thy due,
Their worship and praise ;
To thee with the Father,
To thee with the Son,
Our homage we offer—
The Godhead is one.

155

Prayer for revival.

S. M.

- OH, for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.
- 2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.
- 3 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success ;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.
- 4 Come then with power divine,
Spirit of life and love ;
Then shall our people all be thine,
Our church like that above.

156

The Spirit implored.

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;

And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

157 *Seeking the influences of the Spirit. C. M.*

'TIS not by power, 'tis not by might,
But by thy Spirit, Lord,
The heart receives the sacred light
That beams upon thy word.

2 Come then, O sacred Spirit, down,
Our feeble efforts bless ;
Our souls refresh, our labours own,
And crown them with success.

158 *The Spirit inviting. S. M.*

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

159, 160 THE HOLY SPIRIT

- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

159 *Triumphant grace.* C. M.

- AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

160 *Necessity of sanctification.* C. M.

- NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

161

Grace.

S. M.

- GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days :
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

162, 163 THE HOLY SPIRIT

162

Salvation by grace.

C. M.

- L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin:
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin.
- 5 Raised from the dead, we live anew:
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

163

My Spirit shall not always strive. L. M.

- S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul;
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
 It was the Spirit's gracious call;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard in time this warning kind;
 That call thou may'st not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With hardened, self-destroying man;
 Ye who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner, perhaps this very day
 Thy last accepted time may be;
 Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

164

Regeneration.

C. M.

- NOT all the outward forms on earth,
 Nor rites that God has given,
 Nor will of man, nor blood nor birth,
 Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
 Creates us heirs of grace;
 Born in the image of his Son,
 A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
 Blows on the sons of flesh;
 New-models all the carnal mind,
 And forms the man afresh.

165, 166 THE HOLY SPIRIT

4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise
 From the long sleep of death ;
 On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
 And praise employs our breath.

165 *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.* C. M

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of our's.
2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys !
 Our souls can neither fly nor go,
 To reach eternal joys.
3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
 At this poor, dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great !
5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle our's.

166 *God's presence desired.* 8, 7

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down :
 Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, thou art all compassion;
 Pure, unbounded love thou art:
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

167

Salvation.

C. M.

SALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

168, 169 THE SCRIPTURES.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

168 *Joy over the repenting sinner.* C. M.

O H, how divine, how sweet the joy,
 When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
 His sin and error mourns !

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
 In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
 And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
 The conscious sinner's moan ;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
 And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
 But kindle with new fire :
“ The sinner lost is found,” they sing,
 And strike the sounding lyre.

The Scriptures.

169 *The power of the gospel.* S. M.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.

- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

170 *Prayer before reading the Bible.* L. M.

- I N humble prayer, oh, may I read
Whate'er shall to my Saviour lead ;
Lord, send thy Spirit to impart
A wise and understanding heart.
- 2 Be thou my teacher, thou my guide ;
May all I read be well applied ;
My danger and my refuge show,
And let me thy salvation know.

171 *The martyr's faith.* L. M.

- I HOLD the sacred book of God,
To hear, and keep, and use it free ;
For holy martyrs shed their blood
To win this book of life for me.
- 2 With steady faith in Christ alone,
The threats of impious power they spurned ;

172, 173 THE SCRIPTURES.

And bold, that holy faith to own,
They gave their bodies to be burned.

3 With Jesus they are resting now ;
We love to speak their honoured names ;
Oh, may our lips and lives avow,
The truth they kept through blood and
flames.

4 So help us, Lord, to own thy name,
Though hell oppose, and earth deride ;
To keep the faith, despising shame,
That faith for which our fathers died.

172 *Teachableness.* C. P. M.

LORD, to thy feet I fain would go,
What thou revealest I would know,
And leave the rest to thee ;
Patient and teachable and mild,
Submissive, as befits a child,
Clothed with humility.

2 In matters now for me too high,
Oh, may I ne'er presume to pry,
But on thy truth recline ;
That truth my stay, oh ! may I be
For evermore resigned to thee,
Here and hereafter thine.

173 *Perfection of Scripture.* C. M.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book ;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look !

- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
 Could show one sin forgiven ;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
 But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 In vain we boast perfection here,
 While sin defiles our frame ;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
 They scarce deserve the name.
- 4 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
 Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord.

174 *Nature and Scripture compared.* L. M.

- THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise,
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor will thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
 That see the light or feel the sun.

175 *Instruction from the Scriptures.* C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

176 *The Bible.* C. M.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

3 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;

Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

- 4 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

177 *Preciousness of the Bible.* C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

178 *Use of the Bible.* 7's.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

179, 180 THE SCRIPTURES.

- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Oh, thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

179 *A blessed gospel.* C. M.

- B**LEST are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name:
His righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

180 *The Holy Scriptures.* C. M.

- L**ADEN with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:

Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

181

The Bible.

THE Bible, the Bible! more precious than
gold

The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of salvation, wide opens the door,
Its offers are free, to the rich and the poor.

2 The Bible, the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of
youth;

It bids us seek early the pearl of great
price,

Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage
of vice.

3 The Bible, the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and
rules,

Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our
schools.

182

The Scriptures, a solace.

C. M.

OPPRESSED with guilt, and full of fears,
I come to thee, my Lord,
While not a ray of hope appears,
But in thy holy word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief dispel;
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
And learn to do his will.

3 Here living water freely flows,
To cleanse me from my sin;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

4 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

183

"We'll not give up the Bible."

P. M.

WE'LL not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth:
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.

2 We'll not give up the Bible
For pleasure or for pain;

- We'll buy the truth and sell it not,
For all that we might gain :
Though man should try to take our prize
By guile or cruel might ;
We'll suffer all that man could do,
And God defend the right !
- 3 We'll not give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide :
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve that from God's sacred word,
They'll never, never part !

184 *The Scriptures the source of light.* C. M.

- T**HE moon has but a borrowed light,
A faint and feeble ray ;
She owes her beauty to the night,
And hides herself by day.
- 2 No cheering warmth her beam conveys,
Though pleasing to behold ;
We might upon her brightness gaze,
Till palsied with the cold.
- 3 Just such is all the light to man,
Which reason can impart ;
It cannot show one object plain,
Nor warm the frozen heart.
- 4 The gospel, like the sun at noon,
Affords a glorious light ;
And when it shines, poor reason's moon
Appears no longer bright.

The Christian :

His Duties, Privileges and Exercises.

185

The Christian wrestling.

H. M

HARK! 'tis a martial sound!

To arms, ye saints, to arms!

Your foes are gathering round,

And peace has lost its charms:

Prepare the helmet, sword, and shield.

The trumpet calls you to the field.

2 No common foes appear

To dare you to the fight,

But such as own no fear,

And glory in their might;

The powers of darkness are at hand;

Resist, or bow to their command.

3 An arm of flesh must fail

In such a strife as this;

He only can prevail

Whose arm immortal is:

'Tis heaven itself the strength must yield

And weapons fit for such a field.

4 And heaven supplies them, too;

The Lord who never faints

Is greater than the foe,

And he is with his saints:

Thus armed, they venture to the fight,

Thus armed, they put their foes to flight.

5 And when the conflict's past,

On yonder peaceful shore

They shall repose at last
 And see their foes no more.
 The fruits of victory enjoy,
 And never more their arms employ.

186 *The Christian in affliction.* L. M.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand:
 How kind was thy chastising rod,
 That forced my conscience to a stand,
 And brought my wandering soul to God!
 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
 Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
 I left my guide, and lost my way,
 But now I love and keep thy word.
 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
 For pride is apt to rise and swell;
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
 That I may learn his statutes well.

187 *Christian union.* S. P. M.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
 Kindred and friends agree;
 Each in his proper station move,
 And each fulfil his part,
 With sympathizing heart,
 In all the cares of life and love!
 2 'Tis like the ointment shed
 On Aaron's sacred head,
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet!
 The oil through all the room
 Diffused a choice perfume,
 Ran through his robes, and blessed his feet.

- 3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills ;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

188

The assaults of temptation.

L. M.

- THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call ;
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill ;
Control the waves : say, " Peace, be still !"
- 3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek :
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

189

Hope in God.

8's.

- ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine :

Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply,
And lead me to Jesus for peace—
The rock that is higher than I:
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
Oh, visit and gladden my heart;
Let this be the day of thy power.

190

Pray without ceasing.

7, 6.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 Thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Where dwells eternal love.
- 4 Oh, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare—
 The grace our Father gives us,
 To pour our souls in prayer ;
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall ;
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

191 *Gospel adapted to give peace.* L. M. 6 l.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive
 moan

Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo ;
 Cease thy complaint—suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow :
 Behold the precious balm is found,
 To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
 Unburden here thy weighty load ;
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 And trust the mercy of thy God :
 Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word !
 Forever love and praise the Lord.

192

Acceptance of mercy.

S. M.

NOW is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day,
To-morrow it may be too late,—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love:
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

193

Redeeming love.

C. P. M.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
My hopes were by that precept slain—
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo.

2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain—
The sinner must be born again—
And terror-filled my mind.

- 3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast, oppressive load;
 Alas, I read, and saw it plain—
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or drink the wrath of God.
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus vanquished death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare;
 Yet, when I found this truth remain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 I sank in deep despair.
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 The gracious Saviour passed that way,
 And felt his pity move;
 The sinner, by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

194

Citizen of Zion described. L. M.

- WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
 Great God, and dwell before thy face?
 The man who loves religion now,
 And humbly walks with God below:
- 2 Whose hands are pure—whose heart is clean;
 Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
 No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
 He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 He loves his enemies—and prays
 For those who curse him to his face;
 And does to all men still the same
 That he could hope or wish from them.

4 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:—
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

195 *The end of the wicked.* L. M.

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur and repine
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine.

2 But, oh, their end—their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There let them stand, with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream, when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion and my God.

196 *Piety contrasted with sin.* C. M.

WHY should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin,

When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein?

- 2 Folly and sin our peace destroy,
They glitter and are past;
They yield us but a moment's joy,
And end in death at last.
- 3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
- 4 Oh, may we, in our youthful days,
Attend to wisdom's voice;
And make these holy, happy ways,
Our own delightful choice!

197

Satan's various temptations.

C. M.

- I HATE the tempter and his charms;
I hate his flattering breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades how easy 'tis
To walk the road to heaven;
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
They cannot be forgiven.
- 4 He bids young sinners yet forbear
To think of God or death;
For praying and devotion are
But melancholy breath.

- 5 He tells the aged they must die,
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day.
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

198 *Religion vain without love.* L. M.

- HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use;
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still—I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;—
- 4 If love to God, and love to man,
Be absent—all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

199 *Earthly pleasures dangerous.* C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys—our nearest friends—
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

200 *Christ—Lord of all.* C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;

Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

201

The heavenly Jerusalem.

C. M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?

; When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know!
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo ?
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

- COME, let us search our hearts, to try
If all our ways be right ;
Is God's great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?
- 2 Have we to others truly done
As we would have them do ?
Envious, unkind and false to none,
But always just and true ?
- 3 In vain we speak of Jesus' blood,
And place in him our trust ;
If while we boast our love to God,
We prove to men unjust.
- 4 Thou before whom we stand in awe,
And tremble and obey,
Write in our hearts thy perfect law,
And keep us in thy way.

203

The world renounced.

C. M.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
 It has no charms for me;
 Once I admired its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
 No more content afford;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day,
 The stars are all concealed;
 So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart:
 His name, and love, and gracious voice
 Have fixed my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee;
 But may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me!

204

Parting with earthly joys.

L. M.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
 Down to the gulf of black despair;

And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those dangerous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes,
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the presence of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

205

Pilgrimage heavenward.

7's.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye ransomed flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

206

Communion with God.

L. M.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

207

Comfort in sorrow.

C. M.

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies.

- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain,
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures
spring,
Immortal in the skies.

208

The full assurance of hope.

C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!

"This earth," he cries, "is not my place;
I seek my home in heaven:

“A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet, oh, by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints’ delight,
 The heaven prepared for me.”

- 2 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours !
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day :
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ concealed,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen-vessels filled.

209

The hope of heaven.

C. M.

- WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan’s rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

210

Brotherly love.

C. M

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!

2 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—

3 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

4 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

211

Retirement and meditation.

C. M

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat—the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if the Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace and joy and love,
She communes with her God!

- 4 Then, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life !
Sweet source of light divine !
And all harmonious names in one :
My Saviour ! thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store !
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

212

Christian fellowship.

S. M.

- BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

- RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below ;
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
 Or aught the world bestows ;
 Nor reputation, food, or health,
 Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the awful tomb.
- 4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renewed,
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;
 And be my stubborn will subdued,
 His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
 Be joined with godly fear ;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.

214

Seeking sustaining grace. L. M. 6 l.

O GRANT me, Lord, myself to see,
 Against myself to watch and pray;
 How weak am I, when left by thee,
 How frail, how apt to fall away!
 If but a moment thou withdraw,
 That moment sees me break thy law.

2 Saviour, the sinner's only trust,
 To thee with trembling hope I call;
 Oh, raise the feeble from the dust,
 And let me never, never fall:
 Let not thy grace be given in vain,
 Nor let me turn to sin again.

3 The pure, the watchful mind bestow,
 That trembles at the thought of sin;
 Let me thy full salvation know,
 Oh, thou who didst the work begin:
 Preserve me, lest I go astray,
 Nor let me prove a castaway.

215

Christian courage.

C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross?
 A follower of the Lamb!
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease?
 Whilst others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And faith accounts it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine.
In robes of victory, through the skies—
The glory shall be thine.

- HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is she to be won.
- 2 Hasten mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's course be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blessed ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

217

"I will trust."

5, 6.

BEGONE, unbelief,
 My Saviour is near,
 And for my relief,
 Will surely appear :—
 By prayer let me wrestle,
 And he will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way,
 Since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide :
 His way was much rougher
 And darker than mine ;
 Did Jesus thus suffer,
 And shall I repine ?

3 Determined to save,
 He watched o'er my path,
 When, Satan's blind slave,
 I sported with death :
 And can he have taught me
 To trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me,
 To put me to shame ?

4 Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain ?
 He told me no less :
 The heirs of salvation,
 I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation
 Must follow their Lord.

5 His love in time past,
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink :
 Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long,
 And then, oh, how pleasant
 The conqueror's song !

218 *Youth admonished of the judgment.* L. M.

YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
 Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue ;
 Enjoy the day of mirth—but know
 There is a day of judgment, too.

2 God from on high beholds your thoughts ;
 His book records your secret faults ;
 The works of darkness you have done
 Must all appear before the sun.

3 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
 From these alluring vanities ;
 And let the thunder of thy word
 Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

219

Calvary.

8, 7, 4.

HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you,
 Now with sweetest voice she calls;
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls:
 Trust in Jesus;
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour,—
 Seek his mercy, while you may;
 Soon the day of grace is over;
 Soon your life will pass away!
 Haste to Jesus;
 You must perish, if you stay.

220

Sinners invited to Christ.

8, 7, 4.

COME, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you ;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Lo, the incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood :
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name ;
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may sing the same.

221 *Sinners warned and entreated.* C. M.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard
 'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
 He calls you, by his sovereign word,
 From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
 You live devoid of peace ;
 A thousand stings within your breast
 Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;
 Why will you persevere ?
 Can you in endless torments dwell,
 Shut up in black despair ?

- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo!
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

222 *Confidence in the Mediator.* L. M. 6 l.

- WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still, he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,—

Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

- 4 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

223

Repentance.

S. M.

IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

- 2 He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one;
He loves that sinners such as we
Should mourn for what we've done.

- 3 'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent;
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

- 4 Repentance is, to leave
•The sins we loved before;
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

- 5 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

- 6 And since the Saviour came
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame,
We would at once begin.

224 *Faith prevailing in trouble.* S. M.

- I**F, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God to thee,
We'll own the fostering gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

225 *At evening time it shall be light.* C. M.

- W**E journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast,
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last.
- 2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,

Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head :
At eve it shall be light.

3 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

4 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine ;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

5 When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
A pledge that storms shall cease!

6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled,—
At eve it shall be light.

226

Christ the shepherd.

C. M

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms ;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

- 3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 4 The feeblest lamb amid the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms
We're safe from every snare.

227

Hope encouraged.

8, 7, 4

- O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus,
And confide in him alone.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus never will forget thee,
But will break the power of sin;
He is faithful,—
Thou the victory shalt win.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee,—
Guide thee to his blest abode,
Bring thee, ransomed,
To thy home, thy heaven, thy God.

228

Doubt and anxiety.

7's

- 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me,—is it thus with you?
- 5 Yet, I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel
If I did not love at all?
- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case:
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

229

Contentment.

C. M.

- THE Christian would not have his lot
 Be other than it is ;
 For while our Father rules the world,
 We know that world is his.
- 2 We know that he who gave us life
 Will all we need provide ;
 Assured that every good we ask
 Is evil, if denied.
- 3 When clouds of sorrow gather round,
 Our bosom knows no fear ;
 We know, whate'er our portion be,
 That God will still be there.
- 4 And when the threatened storm has burst,
 Whate'er the trial be,
 Something still whispers in our heart,
 " Be still, for it is He !"
- 5 We know it is a Father's will,
 And therefore it is good,
 And would not venture, by a wish,
 To change it—if we could.
- 6 Our grateful bosom quickly learns
 Its sorrow to disown ;
 Yields to his pleasure and forgets
 The choice was not our own.

230

Resignation.

L. M.

BE still, my heart ! these anxious cares
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares :
 They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
 And contradict his gracious word.

- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
 Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
 How canst thou want, if he provide,
 Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first, before his mercy-seat,
 Thou didst to him thine all commit;
 He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
 To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
 And he refuse to hear thy call?
 And has he not his promise past,
 That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
 It leads thee home apace to God;
 Then count thy present trials small,
 For heaven will make amends for all.

- L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
 In gardens planted by thy hand;
 Let me within thy courts be seen,
 Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
 Blest with thine influence from above;
 Not Lebanon with all its trees
 Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever thrive;
 Nature decays, but grace must live;
 Time, that doth all things else impair,
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair

232

Submission.

L. M.

- WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
 Tumultuous passions, all be still,
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
 His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs his work, the cause conceals;
 But though his methods are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven and earth and air and seas,
 He executes his firm decrees;
 And by his saints it stands confessed,
 That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before his awful seat:
 And mid the terrors of his rod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

233

Self-denial.

C. M.

- AND must I part with all I have,
 My dearest, Lord, for thee?
 It is but right, since thou hast done
 Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
 How worthless they appear,
 Compared with thee, supremely good,
 Divinely bright and fair.

234, 235 THE CHRISTIAN :

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

234 *Submission under affliction.* C. M.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod ;
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above ?

3 How short are all my sufferings here !
How needful every cross !
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, O Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name :
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

235 *Trust in God under trials.* 7's.

POOR and needy though I be,
God my maker cares for me ;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep and when I wake
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake

3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labour here awhile
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

236

"It is the Lord."

C. M.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop one murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

237

Confidence in God encouraged. C. M.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain,

238, 239 THE CHRISTIAN :

His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good :

He will for his provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,

Or have his work undone ;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

238 *Casting our cares on God.* S. M.

HOW gentle God's commands !
How kind his precepts are !

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 While Providence supports,
His saints securely dwell ;

That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?

Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

239 *Joy in God.* C. M.

GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's dark wilderness ;

Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

240

The request.

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend—
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

241

The pure heart.

C. M.

O H! for a heart to praise the Lord,
A heart from sin set free,—
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne:
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

242 *Longing for a closer walk with God. C. M.*

- O H! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame,
 A light, to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return:
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from thy breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

HIS DUTIES, ETC. **243, 244**

6 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

243

Christian obligation.

S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.
2 To serve the present age.
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
The strict account to give.
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

244

Prayer for God's presence.

C. M.

OH, could I find from day to day
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.
2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;

In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

245

Hinder me not.

C. M.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
My every pleasant sweet;"

"Hinder me not," my soul replies,
"Because the way is great."

3 "Stay," Satan, my old master, cries,
"Or force shall thee detain;"

"Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God hath broke thy chain."

4 Through flood and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;

"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

5 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;

Hinder me not; for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

- 6 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
“Hinder me not; come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.”

246

Coming to Christ.

S. M.

RETURN, and come to God;
Cast all your sins away;

Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.

- 2 Say not, ye cannot come;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

- 3 Say not, ye will not come;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call;
And fearful shall their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.

- 4 Come, then, whoever will,
Come, while 'tis called to-day;
Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.

247

“Blessed are the poor in spirit.”

7's.

BLESSED Lord, thy grace impart,
Meek and lowly make my heart;
Poor in spirit may I be,
Clothed with all humility!

- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
As becomes a little child ;
Pleased with what my God provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil make me flee ;
May I seek the things above,
Only happy in thy love !
- 4 From all pride, oh, cleanse my mind,
Make me patient and resigned ;
Take me, when my life is o'er,
To thy home for ever more !

248

For perfect submission.

S. M.

- I WANT a heart to pray,—
To pray, and never cease ;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
- 2 This blessing, above all,—
Always to pray,—I want ;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
- 3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name ;
- 4 A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

- 5 I rest upon thy word,—
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
- 6 But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

249 *Mourning over spiritual declension.* C. M.

- WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight ?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee—no more by night ?
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove ?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee ?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair, deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thine arms.

250, 251 THE CHRISTIAN :

6 Then I repent and vex my soul,
 That I should leave thee so :
 Where will those wild affections roll,
 That let a Saviour go ?

250

Holiness of life.

L. M.

- SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God :
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

251

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

8, 7

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be !
Perish every fond ambition ;
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;

- Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me—
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.
- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

- Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
 Think that Jesus died to win thee :
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 6 Haste thee on, from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

252

Surrendering to Christ.

7's.

- PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found :
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblest ;
 Brethren where your altar burns,
 Oh, receive me into rest.
- 2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave :
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my soul no more,
 Every idol I resign.
- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp or power ;

Welcome, poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour :
 "Follow me ;" I know thy voice ;
 Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see ;
 Now I take thy yoke by choice ;
 Light thy burden now to me.

253

Grace through life.

L. M.

IN life's young morn of rising youth,
 O Lord, be thou our God and guide,
 Direct us in the way of truth,
 And may we never turn aside.

2 In manhood's noon be with us still,
 Director of our every way ;
 Keep us devoted to thy will,
 Steadfast through life's advancing day.

3 And in the chilly eve of age,
 Midst failing strength and drooping power,
 Still may thy love our hearts engage,
 And sanctify life's closing hour.

4 And when we come to yield our breath
 Prepared for that last mortal strife,
 May we be faithful unto death,
 And then receive a crown of life.

254

Danger of self-confidence.

S. M.

BEWARE of Peter's word,
 Nor confidently say,
 "I never will deny the Lord,"
 But, "Grant I never may."

- 2 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone,
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 3 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all his works beside.
- 4 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

255

Unfruitfulness lamented.

C. M

- LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found—
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!
- 3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

256 *Lamenting spiritual sloth.* C. M.

- M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
 Awake, my sluggish soul:
 Nothing has half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain
 Labour, and tug, and strive;
 Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,
 How negligent we live!
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move;
 We, for whose guard, the angel bands
 Come flying from above:
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
 And laboured for our good;
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchased with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts?
 Come, holy Dove, from the heavenly hill,
 And sit and warm our hearts!
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
 Upward our souls shall rise;
 With hands of faith, and wings of love,
 We'll fly and take the prize.

257 *The convinced sinner's resolution.* C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve.

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High, as a mountain, rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he will command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 4 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

258 *The ingratitude of rejecting Christ. C. M.*

AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?

Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—And shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?

Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart—his rightful due—
Remain for ever barred?

4 Dear Lord, exert thy conquering grace;
Thy mighty power display:
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

259

The gospel message.

8, 7, 4.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?

Every sentence—oh, how tender!

Every line is full of love:

Listen to it!

Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim—

“Pardon to each rebel sinner,

Free forgiveness in his name:”

Oh, how gracious!

“Free forgiveness in his name.”

260

Indwelling sin lamented.

C. M.

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;

So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just and true ;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve ;
But still I find it hard to obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast ;
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest !

6 Break, sovereign grace, oh break the charm,
And set the captive free ;
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

261

Repentance.

S. M.

IS this the kind return !
Are these the thanks we owe !

Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow !

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind !
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !

3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays ;

For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

5 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

262 *Joy in heaven over repenting sinners. L. M.*

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

263 *A penitent pleading for pardon. L. M.*

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

264

Children invited to Christ.

7s.

- CHILDREN ! listen to the Lord,
And obey his gracious word ;
Seek his face with heart and mind ;
Early seek, and you shall find.
- 2 Sorrowful your sins confess ;
Plead his perfect righteousness ;
See the Saviour's bleeding side ;—
Come ! you will not be denied.
- 3 For his worship now prepare ;
Kneel to him in fervent prayer ;
Serve him with a perfect heart ;
Never from his ways depart.

265

The wanderer's return.

L. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

266

The contrite prayer.

S. M.

FATHER, a weary heart
Hath come to thee for peace;
The world hath not the healing art
To bid its trouble cease.

2 It brings before thy throne
Its weight of wo and care;
Do thou accept its pleading tone—
The contrite sinner's prayer.

3 Father, it hath rebelled,
Hath wandered from thy path,

Nor heeded when the thunder swelled,
The tempest of thy wrath.

4 But now, a bruised thing,
Neglected, pale and bare,
Lo, at thy footstool it doth bring
The contrite sinner's prayer.

5 Father, it bends before
Thy throne among the blest ;
Peace to the wretched heart restore,
Give to the weary rest.

6 Through Christ's atonement given,
It trusteth yet to share
The glorious heritage of heaven,
By lowly, contrite prayer.

267

Servants of God safe.

C. M.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !

Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;

The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

6 In midst of danger, fear and death,
Thy gladness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

268

"Come unto me."

7's.

COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home :
Weary wanderer, hither come.

2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound !
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

269

The evil heart.

S. M

A STONISHED and distressed,
I turn my eyes within ;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there !
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear !

8 Almighty King of saints !
These tyrant lusts subdue ;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

270, 271 THE CHRISTIAN:

- 4 This done,—my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

270

Welcome news.

7's.

- W**ELCOME news the gospel brings,
Welcome news from heaven above,
Tidings from the King of kings,
Tidings full of grace and love.
- 2 O ye sons of men, give ear!
Listen to the joyful sound,
Better news ye cannot hear:
In the gospel truth is found.
- 3 Truth, that makes the simple wise;
Truth, on which the hungry feed;
Truth, the minister of joys;
Truth, that makes us free indeed.
- 4 Welcome news the gospel brings,
Welcome to the poor and vile;
Gladdened by these glorious things,
Guilt and poverty may smile.

271

Conviction.

C. M.

- L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came

With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw,
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again ;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 I'm like a helpless captive, sold
Under the power of sin ;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save ;
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

272

Religious education.

L. M.

CHILDREN, in years and knowledge
young,

Your parents' hope, your parents' joy.
Attend the counsels of my tongue :
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state ;
Restrain your feet from sinful ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries ;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.
- 4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh :
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

273 “Behold, I stand at the door.” L. M

- BEHOLD a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks—has knocked before
Has waited long—is waiting still :
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart and open hands !
Oh, matchless kindness ! And he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes !
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will ; the very friend you need ;
The friend of sinners—yes, ’tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
Turn out his enemy and thine ;
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him ere his anger burn,
Lest he depart, and ne’er return ;
Admit him, or the hour’s at hand
When at his door denied you’ll stand.

274

The gospel invitation.

C. M

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come,—’tis mercy’s voice;
That gracious voice obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly;
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

275

My son, give me thy heart.

C. M.

CHILDREN, and have you never known
The message from above?

“Give me,” says Christ, “thy heart, my son;
Give me thine earliest love.”

2 “True, there’s another seeks your hearts,
Another asks your love;

276, 277 THE CHRISTIAN:

The flattering world tries all her arts,
Your infant minds to move."

- 3 Choose ye, to-day—he calls to-day;
Oh, listen to his voice,
And make the Lord, without delay,
Your early, only choice.

276

Return.

8's.

RETURN to the guide of thy youth,—
Thy Maker, thy Father, thy Friend!
Behold him prepared to receive
The child who has dared to offend.
Return! The Redeemer invites;
Full oft he hath sought thee before;
But, lo! with unspeakable grace,
He deigns to entreat thee once more.

- 2 Return, and enjoyments are thine,
Too vast for the heart to conceive;
Enjoyments, which only belong
To those who repent and believe;
A love which for ever expands;
Unceasing composure of heart;
A crown of unfading delight;
A kingdom which cannot depart.

277

Anticipation of heaven.

7, 6.

IT is not earthly pleasure,
That withers in a day;
It is not mortal treasure,
That flieth soon away;

It is not friends that leave us,
 It is not sense nor sin,
 That smile but to deceive us,
 Can give us peace within.

2 But 'tis religion bringeth
 Joy beyond earth's control ;
 Rich from the throne it springeth,
 A fountain to the soul .
 He that is meek and lowly,
 The Saviour's face shall see ;
 To none but to the holy,
 Heaven's gates shall opened be.

3 Lord, be thy Spirit near us,
 While we thy words are taught ;
 And may these days that cheer us,
 With future good be fraught ;
 May we, to heaven invited,
 When youth and life are flown,
 Teachers and taught united,
 Assemble round the throne.

278

Just as thou art.

S, G.

JUST as thou art—without one trace
 Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
 Or meetness for the heavenly place,
 O guilty sinner, come.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree ;
 The stripes thy due were laid on me,
 That peace and pardon might be free—
 O wretched sinner, come.

- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross ;
 Count all thy gains but empty dross :
 My grace repays all earthly loss—
 O needy sinner, come.
- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
 Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears :
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears ;
 O trembling sinner, come.
- 5 " The Spirit and the bride say, Come ;"
 Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come ;
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come :
 Thy Saviour bids thee come.

- COME, weary souls, with sins distressed.
 Come, and accept the promised rest ;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
 Oh, come and spread your woes abroad ;
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
 Pardon and life, and endless peace—
 How rich the gift, how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
 The love thy gracious words impart ;
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind, inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
 And sweetly influence every breast,
 And guide us to eternal rest.

280

The awakening.

7's.

SINNER ! rouse thee from thy sleep,
 Wake—and o'er thy folly weep ;
 Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,
 Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep—arise from death ;
 See the bright and living path :
 Watchful tread that path—be wise,
 Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime ;
 From this hour, redeem thy time ;
 Life secure without delay,
 Evil is thy mortal day.

4 Oh ! then, rouse thee from thy sleep,
 Wake ! and o'er thy folly weep ;
 Jesus calls from death and night,
 Jesus waits to shed his light.

281

Christ's invitation.

L. M.

COME hither, all ye weary souls !
 Ye heavy-laden sinners, come !
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me ;
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;

But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck;
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus! we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

282

The contrite encouraged.

11's.

OH fly, mourning sinner, saith Jesus to me,
Thy guilt I will pardon—thy soul I
will free;

From the chains that have bound thee my
grace shall release,

Thy stains I will wash, and thy sorrows
shall cease.

2 Too long, guilty wanderer, too long hast
thou been

In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to sin;
Thee the world has allured, and enslaved,
and deceived,

While my counsel thou spurned, and my
Spirit hast grieved.

3 Though countless thy sins, and though
crimson thy guilt,

Yet for crimes such as thine, was my blood
freely spilt;

Come, sinner, and prove me ; come, mourner,
and see

The wounds that I bore when I suffered for
thee.

4 Thou doubt'st not my power, deny not my
will ;

Come needy, come helpless, thy soul I will
fill :

My mercy is boundless ; no sinner shall say
That he sued at my feet, but was driven
away.

Time and Eternity.

283

The day of life.

C. M.

THIS life is but a summer's day
Of shadows and of light,
Its brightest sunbeams pass away,
And soon give place to night.

2 Fair childhood is the early dawn,
And youth, the morning gay,
Manhood's the morn, so quickly gone,
And age the evening ray.

3 But life eternal, who can tell
How long it shall endure ?
The righteous shall forever dwell
In mansions bright and pure.

4 The hours of childhood and of youth,
Of manhood and of age,

284, 285 TIME AND ETERNITY.

Should in the love of sacred truth
The inmost soul engage.

5 This life was given us to prepare
For that which is to come ;
Oh, may I gain admittance there,
And find a heavenly home !

6 And will the Lord my sins forgive
Through his redeeming love,
And bid me to his glory live,
And write my name above ?

284 *Man's frailty and God's goodness.* C. M.

OUR life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh :
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

2 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share ;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

3 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

285 *Passing time.* C. M.

SWIFT as the winged arrow flies,
My time is hastening on :
Quick as the lightning from the skies,
My wasting moments run.

- 2 Thanks, Lord, to thine unbounded grace,
That in my early youth
I have been taught to seek thy face,
And know the way of truth.
- 3 Oh, let thy Spirit lead me still
Along the happy road ;
Conform me to thy holy will,
My Saviour and my God.
- 4 Another year of life is past,
My heart to thee incline ;
That if the next should be my last,
It may be wholly thine.

286

Heaven in view.

L. M.

- AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 "'Tis there," he says, "I am to dwell,
With Jesus in the realms of day ;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away."
- 4 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode ;
Assured one home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

287, 288 TIME AND ETERNITY.

287

The bliss of heaven.

L. M.

HAPPY the children who are gone
To live with Jesus Christ in peace,
Who stand around his glorious throne,
Redeemed by blood, and saved by grace.

2 The Saviour whom they loved below
Hath kindly wiped their tears away ;
No sin, no sorrow, there they know,
But dwell in one eternal day.

3 There to their golden harps they sing,
While tens of thousands join their songs,
Hosannas to the immortal King,
To whom immortal praise belongs.

4 O glorious Lord, and when shall we
Be brought with them in bliss to join ;
Thy lovely countenance to see,
And sing thy mercies all divine ?

288

Prospect of eternity.

C. P. M.

LO ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand ;
Yet how insensible !

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late :
Wake me to righteousness.

- 3 Before me place, in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom!
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure!
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure!
- 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love!

289

The heavenly Canaan.

C. M.

- THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore

290 *The vanity of man as mortal.* C. M.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;

They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

291 *Frail life and succeeding eternity.* C. M.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!

The eternal state of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings.
 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
 Attends on every breath;
 And yet how unconcerned we go,
 Upon the brink of death!
 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
 Is equal warning given:
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,
 Above us is the heaven.
 Death rides on every passing breeze,
 And lurks in every flower;
 Each season has its own disease,
 Its peril, every hour.
 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
 On youth's soft cheek decay;
 The sun descend, in sudden night,
 Of manhood's middle day.
 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly to the tomb;
 And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come?
 Turn, mortal, turn, thy danger know:
 Where'er thy foot can tread,

The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

- 6 Turn, Christian, turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie,
Shall live—for hell or heaven.

293

Youth.

C. M.

COME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die;
What are our best delights on earth,
Compared with those on high!

- 2 Our pleasures here will soon be past—
Our brightest joys decay;
But pleasures there for ever last,
And cannot fade away.

- 3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distress,
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.

- 4 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart;
But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.

- 5 Then let us love and serve the Lord,
With all our youthful powers;
And we shall gain this great reward,
This glory shall be ours.

294, 295 DEATH, RESURRECTION,

Death, Resurrection, and the
Judgment.

294 *Blessedness of the righteous.* 8, 7

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Pain and death, and night and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die.

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come ;
There, no fear of wo intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those ye love ;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

295 *Prayer in view of death.* C. M.

WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command :—

- 2 Thou source of life and joy supreme,
 Whose arm alone can save ;
 Dispel the darkness that surrounds
 The entrance to the grave.
- 3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
 Beneath my sinking head ;
 And with a beam of love divine
 Illume my dying bed.
- 4 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
 May I resign my breath,
 And in thy kind embraces lose
 The bitterness of death.

296 *The house appointed for all living. C. M.*

- H**OW still and peaceful is the grave,
 When life's vain tumult's past,—
 The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
 Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease—
 Their passions rage no more ;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests
 From all the toils he bore.
- 3 All, levelled by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb,
 Till God in judgment call them forth,
 To meet their final doom.

297 *Hope of heaven. 7, 6, 7, 8, 6.*

- R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things
 Towards heaven, thy native place ;

Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :
 So the soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,—
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant, in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

I LIVE to die—I die to live,
 And live, no more to die again ;
 In death, I shall a life receive,
 In worlds remote from death and pain !

2 This life I owe to Him who died,
 And rose and reigns in yonder skies ;
 I triumph through the crucified, [rise.
 And dead with Christ, with Christ shall

- 3 His wondrous death my life ensures ;
 His wondrous rising, death destroys ;
 While Jesus lives, my life endures—
 That life the measure of my joys.
- 4 Then let me live, and let me die,
 To him who lived and died for me ;
 That I may rise with him on high,
 To life and immortality.

299

Hope of the resurrection.

S. M.

- A**ND must this body die ;
 This mortal frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine ;
 And every shape and every face
 Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love ;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his power above.

300, 301 DEATH, RESURRECTION,

- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

300 *"To die is gain."* C. M

- WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of wo,
For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past—their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every wo,
Still say,—“Thy will be done!”

301 *The dead who die in the Lord.* L. M

- HOW blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
210

So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears,
Farewell, inconstant world! farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

302

Asleep in Jesus.

L. M.

A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no wo shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!

303, 304 DEATH, RESURRECTION,

Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

303

Funeral hymn.

8, 7

PEACEFUL be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,—
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

2 Dearest brother,* thou hast left us!
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,—
He can all our sorrow heal.

3 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

304

Burial of a Christian.

L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

* Or sister.

- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son [bed;
 Passed through the grave, and blest the
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
 Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

305

Death of a Christian.

12, 11.

- THOU art gone to the grave; but we will
 not deplore thee;
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass
 the tomb,
 The Saviour has passed through its portals
 before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide
 through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer
 behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world
 by thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
 enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless
 has died.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave; and its man-
sions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered
long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright
on thy waking,
And the song which thou heardst was the
seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave; but 'twere
wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian
and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the
Saviour has died.

306

Blessed—who die in the Lord. C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
claims

For all the pious dead!

Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

307 *The dying Christian to his soul.* 7's.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!

Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;

Oh, the pain—the bliss of dying!

Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,

And let me languish into life!

2 Hark, they whisper—angels say,

“Sister spirit, come away!”

What is this absorbs me quite,

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?

Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

3 The world recedes!—It disappears!

Heaven opens on my eyes! My ears

With sounds seraphic ring!

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O Grave! where is thy victory?

O Death! where is thy sting?

308 *Weep not for me.* 8, 4.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,

Weep not for me:

When the languid eye is streaming,

Weep not for me:

When the feeble pulse is ceasing,

Start not at its swift decreasing,

'Tis the fettered soul's releasing;

Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,

Weep not for me:

Christ is mine, he cannot fail me,
 Weep not for me :
 Yea, though sin and death endeavour
 From his love my soul to sever,
 Jesus is my strength for ever ;
 Weep not for me.

309

The issues of life and death.

S. M.

OH, where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul ?

'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound—
 Or pierce to either pole !

2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :
 Oh, what eternal horrors hang
 Around "the second death!"

5 Thou God of truth and grace !
 Teach us that death to shun ;
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest :
 Alone are found in thee,
 The life of perfect love,—the rest
 Of immortality.

310

Fears of death removed.

L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
 What timorous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans and dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

311

The promised land.

C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail
 On trees immortal grow;

There rock and hill, and brook and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;

There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest ?

When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay :
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

312

The heavenly rest.

8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
 To brighter prospects given,
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given :
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

313 *The everlasting bliss of heaven.* P. M.

HEAVEN is the land where troubles cease,
 Where toils and tears are o'er ;
 The blissful clime of rest and peace,
 Where cares distract no more ;
 And not the shadow of distress
 Dims its unsullied blessedness.

- 2 Heaven is the place where Jesus lives,
 To plead his dying blood ;
 While to his prayers his Father gives
 An unknown multitude, [days,
 Whose harps and tongues, through endless
 Shall crown his head with songs of praise.
- 3 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,
 The home of light and love,
 Where faith and hope in rapture die,
 And ransomed souls above
 Enjoy, before the eternal throne,
 Bliss everlasting and unknown.

314, 315 DEATH, RESURRECTION,

314

The happy land.

6, 4.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,—
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,—
Worthy is our Saviour King:
Loud let his praises ring!
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run:
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

315

Judgment.

C. M.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,—
Oh, how shall I appear?

- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward terror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought,—
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,—
 Oh, how shall I appear!

316

The glorified saints.

C. M.

- / **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be!
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears:
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their victory came;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb—
 Their triumph to his death.
- 4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
 For his own pattern given;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Shows the same path to heaven.

317

The day of judgment.

S. M.

- / **A**ND will the Judge descend,
 And must the dead arise?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes?

- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

- D**AY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the awful trumpet's sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature shaken,
From his looks prepare to flee!
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confess'd,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye bless'd,
 See the kingdom I bestow;
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

319 *The day of judgment.* L. M.

THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day—
 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 And louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

320 *The judgment-day anticipated.* C. P. M.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
 come,
 To take thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?
 2 Blest Saviour, grant it, by thy grace,
 Be thou my only hiding-place,

In this, th' accepted day ;
 Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

3 And when the archangel's trump shall sound,
 Let me among thy saints be found,
 To see thy smiling face :
 Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

L O ! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain ;
 Thousand thousand saints, attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
 Still his dazzling body bears ;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransomed worshippers ;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.

322

Judgment.

C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come ;
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys
 Thou sovereign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound—"Depart?"

3 The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.

4 Oh, wretched state of deep despair—
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love !

5 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands ;
 Show me some promise in thy book,
 Where my salvation stands.

Sunday-school and Teachers' Meetings.

323

Anniversary hymn.

C. M.

HOW pleasant here again to meet,
 How joyful thus to raise
 Our tuneful notes in songs so sweet,
 To our Redeemer's praise !

- 2 To us he has been ever kind,
Oh, blessed be his name ;
He bears us still upon his mind,
His love remains the same.
- 3 Then let us strive, while we have breath,
His precepts to obey ;
For soon the solemn hour of death
Will summon us away.
- 4 The dear delights we now enjoy
Will then have passed away ;
But heaven affords more sweet employ
Through one eternal day.
- 5 To our dear friends, assembled here,
A debt of love we owe,
For acts of kindness, year by year,
Which they on us bestow.
- 6 May God in mercy bless them all
With hope, and joy, and peace,
And with us meet, when he shall call,
Where pleasures never cease.

WE meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise ;
To God, our heavenly Father,
We'll tune our grateful praise :
'Tis his kind hand that kept us,
Through all the changing year ;
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.

- 2 We'll thank him for the Sabbath,
This day of holy rest;
And for the blessed Bible,
The book that we love best;
For Sabbath-schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.
- 3 We'll thank him for our country,
The land our fathers trod;
For liberty of conscience,
And right to worship God.
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.
- 4 Soon may thy gracious sceptre
Extend to every land,
And all as willing subjects
Submit to thy command.
Send forth the gospel tidings,
And hasten on the day
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

325

Sunday-school anniversary.

73.

WELCOME to our festival,
Parents, teachers, children, all;
God has spared us through the year,
And in mercy brings us here.

326, 327 SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND

- 2 All unite to praise our God,
For his grace on us bestowed;
Hallowed be the songs we raise,
Happy songs of grateful praise.
- 3 God, who dwells beyond the sky,
Turns on us a gracious eye;
Still prolongs our day of grace;
Gives us time to seek his face.

326

The assembled school.

L. M.

- A SSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us then through this thy day.
- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.
- 3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

327

Christ with his people.

L. M.

- W HERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer to him prayer and praise:
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "I will be
Amid this little company;

To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above;
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

328

Teachers' prayer.

L. M.

MAY we who teach the rising race
Be filled, O Lord, with every grace;
And may thy Spirit from above
Descend and bless our work of love.

- 2 Thy grace to those we teach impart;
O Lord, renew each youthful heart;
Help them from every sin to flee,
And dedicate their lives to thee.
- 3 May we in love to them abound,
And zealous in the work be found,
And many seals may we obtain,
To prove our labour's not in vain.
- 4 When at thine awful bar they stand,
Oh, welcome them to thy right hand,
To join with us the heavenly lays,
And sing our great Redeemer's praise.

329

Punctuality.

L. M.

THE clock has struck, I cannot stay,
Oh, let me rise and haste away:
I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,
The hour of school at length is come.

- 2 I would be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins ;
I'd ask the favour of the Lord,
And pray to understand his word.
- 3 Oh, shall my teachers wait in vain,
While my neglect must give them pain ?
No, let me rather strive to be
First of their little family.
- 4 These Sabbath-days will soon be o'er,
And I shall go to school no more ;
I would not then endure the pain
Of having spent my time in vain.

330

For a Sunday-school.

C. M

- O LORD, on this our Sunday-school,
Thy blessing we implore ;
On those who teach and those who learn,
Thy Holy Spirit pour.
- 2 Here we are taught to spend aright
Thy sacred Sabbath-day ;
Then let us not its hours employ
In idle talk or play.
- 3 Here too we learn with thankful joy
To seek thy house of prayer ;
Then let us hear and praise and pray
In truth and spirit there.
- 4 And here we read thy blessed word,
The message of thy will ;
May we indeed its truths believe,
Its righteous laws fulfil.

331

God's blessing sought.

L. M.

HERE, gracious God, beneath thy feet,
 Friends to the young and thee we meet,
 Joined by the cord of mutual love,
 Bound to our common Friend above.

2 Bless all the plans which we devise,
 May they be useful, good and wise;
 While we our humble labours bend
 Thy glorious kingdom to extend.

3 Grant us thy presence, God of grace,
 Now while we meet before thy face;
 And may we feel, ere we depart,
 Thy love diffused through every heart.

332

Love for the Sunday-school.

6's.

I LOVE the Sunday-school,
 And on that holy day
 My heart is often full,
 When I attempt to pray;
 With early steps I come
 To meet my teacher dear,
 Leaving my happy home
 To seek instruction here.

2 I love the Sunday-school,
 The precious volume too,
 Which is the only rule
 To teach me what to do:
 Within it I behold
 The rays of gospel light,

Richer than gems or gold,
And most divinely bright.

3 I love the Sunday-school,
And wish that every child
Would here his name enroll,
No more be rude and wild;
Wasting his precious time,
Spending his idle breath
In folly or in crime
Along the road to death.

4 I love the Sunday-school,
And wish that all the earth
Might know, from pole to pole,
Its influence and worth:
And may God give me grace
A Saviour's name to love:
To see his smiling face
In mansions blest above.

NOW we are met to read and pray,
And hear what our kind teachers say;
Let every child attentive be,
To Him who every child can see.

2 He dwells in heaven; but he is here:
He lives on high; but he is near:
He knows our thoughts and wishes too,
And knows what we're about to do.

3 The careless soul, the roving mind,
Will not the least instruction find;

TEACHERS' MEETING. **334, 335**

The serious and the thoughtful youth
Will learn the ways of God and truth.

- 4 Then let us all be wise and learn
How from the ways of sin to turn ;
How we may fear and love the Lord.
And understand his holy word.

334 *The Sunday-school.* L. M.

HOSANNAS by an infant train
Were once within the temple sung,
While Jesus listened to the strain,
And poured his blessing on the throng.

- 2 Lord, may thy Spirit seal the truth
On every heart with power divine ;
Renew and sanctify these youth ;
And make these children wholly thine.

- 3 May we our humble voices raise
Responsive to the heavenly host,
In strains of everlasting praise
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

335 *Praise to the Saviour.* 6, 5.

WE gather, we gather,
Dear Jesus, to bring,
The breathings of love
Mid the blossoms of spring.
Our Maker ! Redeemer !
We gratefully raise
Our hearts and our voices
In hymning thy praise.

2 When stooping to earth
From the brightness of heaven,
Thy blood for our ransom
So freely was given ;
Thou deignedst to listen
While children adored,
With joyful hosannas
The bless'd of the Lord !

3 Those arms which embraced
Little children of old,
Still love to encircle
The lambs of the fold ;
That grace which inviteth
The wandering home,
Hath never forbidden
The youngest to come.

4 Hosanna ! hosanna !
Great Teacher ! we raise
Our hearts and our voices
In hymning thy praise,
For precept and promise
So graciously given ;
For blessings of earth
And the glories of heaven !

336 *Sunday-school morning worship.* C. M.

NOW condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this happy throng,
And kindly listen, while we sing
Our grateful morning song.

- 2 We come to own the power divine,
That watches o'er our days ;
For this our cheerful voices join,
In hymns of grateful praise.
- 3 We come to learn thy holy word,
And ask thy tender care ;
Before thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.
- 4 May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free ;
And ever walk in that sure way
Which leads to heaven and thee.

337 *Sunday-school evening worship.* C. M.

- ALMIGHTY God ! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow ;
That all, whose minds the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

338

Sowing time.

S. M

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it round the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by spots 'tis found;
Go forth then everywhere.

4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

7 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And shout the "Harvest home!"

339 *For a Sabbath-school celebration. 7, 6.*

TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
 Our grateful songs we raise;
 Oh, tune our hearts and voices
 Thy holy name to praise.
 'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
 We're here allowed to meet;
 To join with friends and teachers
 Thy blessing to entreat.

2 And may the precious gospel
 Be published all abroad,
 Till the benighted heathen
 Shall know and serve the Lord;
 Till o'er the wide creation
 The rays of truth shall shine,
 And nations now in darkness
 Arise to light divine.

340 *For a Sunday-school anniversary. S. M.*

O GOD of Zion, hear!
 Hear and propitious be;
 The labours of another year
 Thy servants bring to thee.

2 Though weary oft, and sad,
 Our hope is in thy word;
 Now shall our hearts in thee be glad,
 And magnify the Lord.

3 Thy help in former days
 We thankfully review;
 In faith and prayer our hands we raise,
 The conflict to renew.

- 4 All pledged to serve thy Son,
In purity and love,
Until we meet before thy throne
In perfect joy above.
- 5 Upon this gathered host
Oh, let thy power come down,
And make this hour a Pentecost,
And make our hearts thine own.

341 *No success without God's blessing. L. M*

- EXCEPT the Lord our labours bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.
- 2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,
Early to rise, and late to sleep,
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.
- 3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.

Missionary.

342 *Christ's universal reign. 7's.*

- HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore ;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name ;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

343 *Prospects of the heathen.* 8, 7.

HARK!—what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky ?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
Come, and help us, or we die !
2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining—
Christians, hear their dying cry ;
And the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them, ere they die.

344 *Missionary's farewell.* 8, 7, 4.

YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well ;
Friends, connections, happy country !
Can I bid you all farewell ?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

- 2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger-heart can tell;
Happy home! I'm sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days, and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say at last—farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Happy native land farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let thy winds my canvas swell:
Heaves my breast with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land! Farewell! Farewell!

345

"Go teach all nations."

C. M.

GO forth, ye messengers of God
Go forth in Jesus' name,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Salvation to proclaim.

2 O'er frozen seas, and burning plains,
Your steady course pursue;
Where sin abounds, and Satan reigns,
Let mercy triumph too.

3 Lord, hasten on thy glorious time,
That we may soon behold
The saints, from every land and clime,
All gathered in one fold.

346

The church triumphant.

11's.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;

They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath
 saved thee
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
 should be ;
 Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that en-
 slaved thee,
 The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
 free.

347 *Grateful praise for the gospel.* 7, 4

COME, let our voices raise
 A song of grateful praise,
 And thankful love ;
 Let each a tribute bring,
 Let all awake and sing,
 Praise to our heavenly King,
 Who dwells above.

2 The gospel's sacred page
 Reveals to every age
 Salvation free.
 Oh, send the joyful sound !
 And let it echo round,
 Till praises loud resound,
 O God, to thee !

3 Accept our offerings, Lord,
 To spread thy truth abroad,
 Our labours own !
 At length, at thy right hand
 May we together stand,
 And with the angel-band
 Surround thy throne !

348

Missionaries sent forth.

L. M.

- YE Christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall—
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

349

Good tidings.

8, 7, 7.

- SHOUT the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young;
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.
Send the sound,
The earth around.
- 2 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the West;
Till each gathering congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.
Send the sound, &c.
- 3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;

Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.
Send the sound, &c.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea;
Till in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Send the sound, &c.

5 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Till the world shall hear the call;
And with joyous acclamation,
Crown the Saviour Lord of all.
Send the sound, &c.

350

Departing missionaries.

7, 6.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness
And death's deep gloom no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest by thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

351 *Departure of missionaries.* 8, 7, 4.

MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go—proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings—
Tidings of the Saviour's worth?

2 Go—and when exposed to dangers,
Jesus will your souls defend;
Go, and when mid foes and strangers,
He will still appear your friend:
His kind presence,
Shall be with you to the end.

352 *Gospel messengers.* S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
“Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here.”

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!

- Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

353

"The night is far spent." 8, 7, 4

- YES! we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand ;
God—the mighty God, is speaking
By his word, in every land ;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Oh ! 'tis pleasant—'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way ;
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay.
- 3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand ;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world—in every land ;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

354

Millennium.

7, 6.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one triumphant sound.

355

The promised land.

C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come;
There grief no more complains;

- Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
- 5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickening ray :
But glory, from the eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

356

The gospel light.

C. M

- S**TRETCH, O my soul, thine ardent wing
And hail the dawning light ;
Behold, what scenes, what visions spring
Of infinite delight.
- 2 Soon shall the glorious eastern star
Above the mountains rise ;
And rays celestial, beaming far,
Illume e'en polar skies.
- 3 If angels in their sphere rejoice
One rescued soul to greet,
How will they raise th' enraptured voices
Whole continents to meet !
- 4 Siberia spreads her frozen arms,
Released from sin and chains ;
And Sharon's rose exhales its charms
On Afric's sultry plains.
- 5 From Java to the farthest West
The heavenly light shall reach ;

And truth divine its power attest,
In every clime and speech.

6 Shed, Sun of righteousness, thy rays
On every land of night;
Till all the heathen sing thy praise,
And hail the cheerful light.

357 *Obligation to spread the gospel.* 7, 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim

Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

The Sabbath.

358

Psalm for the Lord's-day.

L. M.

- SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace has well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
 Shall vex mine eyes and ears no more;
 My inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see and hear and know
 All I desired or wished below;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

359 *Evening before the Sabbath.* C. M.

- WHEN the worn spirit needs repose,
 And sighs her God to seek;
 How sweet to hail the evening's close,
 That ends the weary week!
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
 That opens on the sight;
 When first the soul-reviving morn
 Beams its new rays of light.
- 3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
 Yet while they gently roll,
 Breathe, Holy Spirit, source of peace,
 A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
 The world's long week be o'er?
 That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
 That day which fades no more.

360

Saturday evening.

7's 3

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by his hand:
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciled face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night in thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:

Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

361

The Lord's-day.

C. M.

- THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord ! Descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

362

Morning of the Lord's-day.

C. M.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink, or die.
- 3 Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move;
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice
 As thy forgiving love.

363

Welcome, day of rest.

7's

- W**ELCOME, welcome, day of rest,
 To the world in kindness given;
Welcome to this care-worn breast,
 As the beaming light from heaven.
- 2 Day of soft and sweet repose,
 Gently now thy moments run,
 As the peaceful streamlet flows,
 Radiant with a summer's sun.
- 3 Day of tidings from the skies,
 Day of solemn praise and prayer,
 Day to make the simple wise,
 Oh, how great thy blessings are!
- 4 Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
 With thine influence all divine;
 May thy hallowed hours be blest
 To this wandering heart of mine.

364

Welcoming the Sabbath.

H. M.

WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;

I hail thy kind return;

Lord, make these moments blest.

From low delights and trifling toys

I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,

And fill his throne of grace;

Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,

While saints address thy face;

Let sinners feel thy quickening word,

And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,

With all thy quickening powers;

Reveal a Saviour's love,

And bless these sacred hours;

Then shall my soul new life obtain,

Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

365

Sabbath evening.

7's.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;

Gently as life's setting sun,

When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;

'Tis the holy peace of God,—

Symbol of the peace within,

When his people rest from sin.

- 3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
 Where the evening worshipper
 Seeks communion with the skies,
 Pressing onward to the prize.
- 4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
 Days of peace and joy in thee,
 Till in heaven our souls repose,
 Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

366 *An eternal Sabbath anticipated.* S's.

- YE angels who stand round the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known;
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat.
- 2 Oh, when will the period appear,
 When I shall unite in your song?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Saviour belong!
 I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
 I struggle and pant to be free;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see.
- 3 I long to put on my attire,
 Washed white in the blood of the Lamb:

I long to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name.
 I long—oh, I long to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu;
 Your joy and your friendship to share,
 To wonder and worship with you.

367 *Opening of morning school.* L. M.

WELCOME, sweet morn, we hail with joy
 Thy holy light, thy blest employ;
 And come, a little favoured band,
 One sacred hour with Christ to spend.

2 Our youthful hearts would humbly pray
 That he will bless our school to-day;
 To him our joyful notes of praise
 With one united voice we raise.

368 *Sabbath in the sanctuary.* H. M.

TO spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside:
 Where God resorts, I love it more
 To keep the door, than shine in courts.

2 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light, and our defence:
 With gifts his hands are filled;
 We draw our blessings thence:

He shall bestow on Jacob's race
Peculiar grace, and glory too.

- 2 The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and upright souls :
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts !
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

369

Sabbath evening.

6's.

THE light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away ;
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day ?
Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroyed ?
Or have these moments lent
Been sacredly employed ?

- 2 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That cannot come again !
Then, in that hopeless place,
The wretched soul will say,
" I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."

- 3 To waste these Sabbath hours
Oh, may we never dare ;
Nor taint with thoughts of ours
These sacred days of prayer :

But may our Sabbaths here
 Inspire our hearts with love;
 And prove a foretaste clear
 Of that sweet rest above.

370

The eternal Sabbath.

L. M.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue—no more distress,
 Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the blest repose;
 No midnight shade—no clouded sun—
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

Morning.

371

Morning worship.

C. M.

A GAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
 I rise to hail the dawn;
 Again my waking eyes uncloze,
 To view the smiling morn.

2 Great God of love! thy praise I'll sing;
 For thou hast safely kept
 My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
 And watched me while I slept.

- 3 Glory to thee, eternal Lord ;
 Oh, teach my heart to pray,
 And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
 To guide me through the day.
- 4 Let every thought and word accord
 With thy most holy will ;
 Each deed the precepts of thy word
 With pious aim fulfil.
- 5 From danger, sin and every ill,
 My constant guardian prove ;
 Oh, sanctify my heart, and fill
 With thoughts of holy love.

372

Morning prayer.

7, 6.

- SOON as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast ;
 Our voice in supplication,
 Jehovah, thou shalt hear ;
 Oh, grant us thy salvation,
 And be thou ever near.
- 2 By thee through life supported,
 We pass the dangerous road,
 By heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to their bright abode ;
 There cast our crowns before thee,
 Our toils and conflicts o'er,
 And day and night adore thee,
 For ever, evermore.

373

A morning hymn.

L. M.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins ;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wandering star.

5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

374

God's goodness acknowledged. C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

2 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun !

375, 376

MORNING.

And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

- 3 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

375*Morning thanksgiving.*

S. M.

SERENE I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept—and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

- 2 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame;
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?
- 3 Oh, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

376*Morning devotion.*

C. M.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee;
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.

3 Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are thine;
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

377

Morning mercies.

S. M.

A WAKE! my heart, awake!
Thy gracious God to praise,
Who condescends such care to take
And lengthen out my days.

2 While some have passed the night
In restlessness and pain;
I rise in health, to see the light,
And seek the Lord again.

3 This day will many die!
This hour, what numbers go!
What if my soul be called to fly,
And I that change should know?

4 Lord, come, and be my guide
Through this uncertain space;
Keep me for ever near thy side,
And grant a child thy grace.

Evening.

378

An evening hymn.

L. M.

GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

379

Evening devotion.

C. M.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
 From care and business free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
 With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith, my hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

380

Evening meditation.

7's.

SOFTLY, now, the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labour free,
 Lord! I would commune with thee.

2 Soon for me the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

381

Evening worship.

C. M.

O LORD, another day is flown;
 And we, a little band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fostering hand.

2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
 All evil far remove;

And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

- 3 Oh, still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way;
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

382 *Gratitude for daily mercies.* L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

383 *Evening hymn.* 8, 7, 7

THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,

Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

384 *Prayer for divine protection.* 8, 7.

SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

385 *The night of death.* S. M.

THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;

May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove ;
Lord, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

386

Perfect peace.

S. M.

A NOTHER day is past,
The hours for ever fled ;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep ;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed !
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

387

Evening.

C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven,
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Morning and Evening.

388

Daily mercies.

C. M.

- ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And fired with grateful zeal, prepares,
A sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,

389, 390 MORNING AND EVENING.

In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

- 4 My spirit, in thy hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

389

Daily worship.

L. M.

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where sinners lead.

- 3 Oh, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

- 4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

390

Daily grace implored.

L. M.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;

- Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blessed,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies.
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

391

To-day.

S. M.

- TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care,
Oh, be it still pursued;

Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light ;
Lest life's bright beams at once should die,
In sudden endless night.

392

Morning hymn.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day, as 'twere the last ;
To improve thy talents take due care ;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.
- 5 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 6 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;

Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

393

Evening hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh ! keep me, King of kings,
Under the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Oh ! may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
Sleep, that may me more active make
To serve my God when I awake.

4 Guarded by thine almighty arm,
Though death may strike it cannot harm ;
Then welcome death or sleep to me,
I'm still secure, if still with thee.

5 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;

Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

- 6 If wakeful in the night I lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 7 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And save me from the approach of ill.
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

394

What is life?

8, 7, 7.

WHAT is life? 'Tis but a vapour;
Soon it vanishes away:

Life is but a dying taper;

O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

- 2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love ;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go and share his people's glory,
Mid the ransomed crowd appear ;
Thine's a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Sickness.

395 *Sabbath in a sick-chamber.* C. M.

- THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts, to-day
Within thy temple meet ;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.
- 2 They see thy power and glory there,
Where I have seen them too ;
They read, they hear. they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.
- 3 They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays,
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

- 4 I, of such fellowship bereft,
 In spirit turn to thee:
 Oh, hast thou not a blessing left,—
 A blessing, Lord, for me?
- 5 Behold thy prisoner;—loose my bands,
 If 'tis thy gracious will;
 If not,—contented in thy hands,—
 Behold thy prisoner still.
- 6 I may not to thy courts repair,
 Yet here thou surely art;
 Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
 In my surrendered heart.
- 7 To faith reveal the things unseen;
 To hope, the joys untold;
 Let love, without a veil between,
 Thy glory now behold.

396 *Comforts of the gospel in sickness. C. M.*

- WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love;
 Sweet to look upward, to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.

- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember that his blood
 My debt of sufferings paid.
- 5 Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death ;
 Sweet to experience, day by day,
 His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on the covenant of his grace
 For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
 Immediately from thee !

397

Longing for heaven.

C. M.

- E**ARTH has engrossed my love too long ;
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits :
 The God ! how bright he shines !
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.

- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;
Jesus, my love, they sing !
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

398

On recovery from sickness.

C. M.

- MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
Upon thy faithful breast ;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.
- 4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

- 5 Back from the borders of the grave,
 At thy command I come :
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight
 To my celestial home.
- 6 Where thou ordainest my abode,
 There would I choose to be ;
 For in thy presence, death is life,
 And earth is heaven with thee.

Lord's Supper.

399 "*This do in remembrance of me.*" C. M.

- ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
 I must remember thee.
- 5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me ;

Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me !

400 *The Lord's Supper instituted.* L. M.

'T'WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of hell and earth arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes :

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake:
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !

3 " This is my body, broke for sin ;
Receive and eat the living food ;"
Then took the cup and blest the wine ;
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 " Do this," he cried, " till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Birth of the Saviour.

401

The sun of righteousness.

7's.

HARK! the herald angels sing,—
 Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 God and sinners reconciled.

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies;
 With angelic hosts proclaim,—
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,—
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail, incarnate Deity!
- 4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,—
 Risen with healing in his wings.
- 5 Come, Desire of nations, come!
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstatē us in thy love.

402

News of the Saviour.

C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy love, and gratitude combine
 To hail the auspicious day.

- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good-will and peace are heard, throughout
The harmonious angel throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,—
Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete ;
Jesus was born to die !
- 7 Hail, Prince of life ! forever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend !
Though earth and time and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

- 2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

404

The Star of the East.

11, 10.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning—

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning—
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are
shining;
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the
stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining—
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from
the mine!
- 4 Vainly we suffer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-
ing—
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning—
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
284

The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And, on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

The Seasons of the Year.

406 *Goodness of God in the seasons.* S. M.

GREAT God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise ;

Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth and seas and skies.

2 How balmy is the air !
How warm the sun's bright beams !
While, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

3 With grateful praise we own
Thy kind, providing hand,
While grass and herbs and waving corn,
Adorn and bless the land.

407, 408 SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 4 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son ;
By him forgiveness, peace and joy
Through endless ages run.

407

The passing year.

C. M.

BEHOLD, my soul, the narrow bound
That marks the passing year !
How swift the weeks complete their round !
How short the months appear !

- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day, ‘
When all that mortal life has done,
God’s judgment shall survey.

- 3 Yet, like an idle tale we pass
The swiftly gliding year,
And study artful ways to increase
The speed of its career.

408

Goodness of God in the seasons.

C. M.

’TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power ;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvests glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth and air are thine ;

When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

409

Spring.

S. M.

SPARED to another spring,
We raise our grateful songs;
'Tis pleasant, Lord, thy praise to sing,
For praise to thee belongs.

2 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wondrous skill.

3 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

4 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die;
Oh tune them, Lord, to hymn thy praise
In better songs on high.

410, 411 SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

410

Spring.

C. M.

WHILE verdant hill and blooming vale
Put on their fresh array,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

- 2 Oh, let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field and grove.
- 3 The bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.
- 4 That hand, in this hard heart of mine,
Can make each virtue live;
And kindly showers of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give.

411

Summer.

C. M.

ONCE more the Lord's indulgent hand
Hath rolled the seasons round;
And lo, again our fruitful land
We see with plenty crowned.

- 2 He gives us rain in copious showers,
And makes his sun to shine;
And forth a flood of blessings pours,
Of blessings all divine.
- 3 In vain the husbandman might sow,
And harrow in the seed,

Did God the blessing not bestow,
And make his toil succeed.

- 4 Then let us join our grateful songs,
The God of heaven to bless,
To whom alone all praise belongs,
For all that we possess.

412

Harvest hymn.

C. M.

TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers :
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps ;
My tongue, his goodness sing ;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

- 3 Well pleased the husbandman beholds
The waving, yellow crop ;
With joy he bears the sheaves away,
And sows again in hope.

- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness ;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

413

Autumn.

S, 7.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound.

- 2 "Ye on length of days presuming,
Think how soon our course has fled;
We were lately fresh and blooming,
Now are withered, dry and dead.
- 3 "Cease presumptuous hopes to cherish,
Prize the seasons as they fly;
Like the leaves you rise and flourish,
Like the leaves must droop and die.
- 4 "But to those in Jesus planted,
By a true and living faith,
Shall unfading spring be granted,
And a triumph over death."

414

Winter.

C. M.

- STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad;
Confined in cold, inactive chains—
How desolate and sad!
- 4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 Oh happy state—divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns;
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.

415

Time fleeting.

7, 6.

TIME is winging us away,
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb:
 Youth and vigour soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms!
 All that's mortal soon will be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb:
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon above;
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

416

God's providence.

C. M.

WHILE through another rolling year
 The care of God we trace,
 What bounties of his hand have crowned
 Each moment of its space?

2 His mercy loads each passing hour
 With some new mark of good;

And gives us, as our wants return,
Our home and clothes and food.

3 Our lives, our health, and all we have,
Our parents and our friends,
Are all among the bounteous store
Of blessings that he sends.

4 Yet the rich treasures of his grace
Are better far than they ;
Oh, let us from our inmost hearts
For these best blessings pray.

417

The flight of time.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past !
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my fleeting life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn :
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern.

4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ, so freely given.

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend ;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

418

Retrospect of a year.

7's.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view :
 Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we reign with thee above.

419

End of the year.

C. M.

TIME hastens on ; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high ;
And magnify that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 As time departs, salvation comes ;
Each moment brings it near :
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our transported eyes.

420

God of the seasons.

C. M.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry ;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;

He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

421

New Year's day.

C. M.

ETERNAL GOD! before thy throne
We now with joy appear;
And praise thee for thy goodness shown
Throughout another year.

2 Parents and friends thy love has given;
While many Sabbath-days
Have pointed out the way to heaven,
And filled our tongues with praise.

422, 423 MISCELLANEOUS.

3 O may thy goodness long endure,
And may we grateful prove ;
Till we shall need these aids no more,
But glory in thy love.

Miscellaneous.

422

Morning in school.

L. M.

ETERNAL God, incline thine ear,
Accept the tribute we would pay,
As once again assembled here,
We hail, with joy, this sacred day.
2 Go with us to thy temple, Lord ;
There let devotion fill each heart ;
And may thine ever-blessed word
Eternal life to all impart.

423

The Children's friend.

C. M.

THOU Guardian of our youthful days
To thee our prayers ascend ;
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
Jesus! the Children's Friend.
2 From thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend ;
O save our souls from sin and wo—
Thou art the Children's Friend.
3 Teach us to prize thy holy word,
And to its truths attend ;
Thus, shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the Children's Friend.

- 4 Oh, may we feel a Saviour's love,
To him our souls commend,
Who left his glorious throne above
To be the Children's Friend.
- 5 Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee;
And, when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With thee, the Children's Friend.

424

The happy child.

S. M.

- THRICE happy is the youth,
Who, morning, noon, and night,
Reads the blest page of sacred truth,
And makes it his delight.
- 2 Who loves the hour of prayer,
And takes delight in praise;
The Lord to bless him will be near,
With sanctifying grace.

425

Prayer for light.

C. M.

- LIGHT of the world! shine on our souls,
Thy grace to us afford;
And, while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, Lord.
- 2 As once thou didst thy word expound
To those that walked with thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And all its fulness see.
- 3 Its richness, sweetness, power, and depth,
Its holiness discern;

426, 427 MISCELLANEOUS.

Its joyful news of saving grace,
By blest experience learn.

4 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day,
And, as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display!

426 *He comforts and renews the heart. C. M.*

ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
Our languid hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear opprest;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of inbred sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin and death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

427 *The Scriptures reveal Christ. 8, 7.*

WHILE each wretched heathen nation
Nothing knows, O Lord, of thee,
In this happy land salvation
Richly is revealed to me.

- 2 What a blessing, what a treasure
I possess in thy blest word!
There I read, with holy pleasure,
Of the love of Christ my Lord.
- 3 God's own word reveals the Saviour
Sinful children deeply need;
Oh, what mercy, love and favour
That for sinners Christ should bleed!
- 4 Oh, the blessedness of knowing
Christ, the tender Saviour's love!
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above.
- 5 Heavenly Father! give thy Spirit
To each child who looks to thee;
May we thy rich grace inherit,
May we like our Saviour be!

428

Spread of the gospel.

8, 7.

- WESTWARD! In the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God!
Where the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod.
- 2 Westward! till the church be kneeling
In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wild-wood's arches pealing,
With a holy people's hymn.
- 3 Westward still! O Lord, in glory,
Be thy bannered cross unfurled,
Till from vale to mountain hoary,
Rolls the anthem round the world!

4 Reign, oh ! reign, o'er every nation,
Reign, Redeemer, Father, King !
And with songs of thy salvation,
Let the wide creation ring.

429

The love of Jesus.

7, 6

- I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
- 2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 3 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in him ;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
- 4 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 5 I love the name of Jesus—
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord !
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.
- 6 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

7 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 And learn the angels' song.

430 *Brotherly love and unity.* 8, 7, 4.

OH, 'tis good, when, all combining,
 Brethren in the Lord are found,
 Every selfish thought resigning,
 All in love together bound,
 With one purpose,
 Spreading happiness around.

2 Thus they cheer each other's labours,
 Thus each other's burdens bear:
 Each one's joy becomes his neighbour's,
 Each his brother's grief will share.
 Fellow helpers
 Thus they prove, by faith and prayer.

3 Christian love the soul will nourish,
 'Tis like dew on Zion's hill;
 With it every grace will flourish,
 With it comes the blessing still—
 God's own blessing,
 Even life for evermore.

431 *Divine influence implored.* S. M.

FATHER of mercies, hear!
 On us look kindly down;
 Our humble labours deign to cheer,
 And with thy favour crown.

- 2 In youthful hearts the seed
Of sacred truth we sow ;
Now, Lord, the blessing that we need
Richly do thou bestow.
- 3 That seed will buried lie,
Till thou the increase give ;
Yet then, although it seem to die,
It shall revive and live.
- 4 O.Sun of righteousness !
Shine in each youthful heart ;
Thine influence on their souls impress,
And grace divine impart.
- 5 Then, though the sower weep,
Ere long with thankful voice,
Both they who sow and they who reap
Together shall rejoice.
- 6 Thou dost the seed prepare,
And make it spring when sown ;
And if a hundred-fold it bear,
The praise is all thine own.

432

The desired end.

L. M.

GLORY to God our Maker's name,
And peace on earth be still our aim :
In all we do, in all we say,
Good-will to men may we display.

- 2 Such was the great Redeemer's aim,
To seek and save the lost he came :
Such, Lord, our one great object be—
To lead the wandering soul to thee.

3 Now, Lord, look down, and deign to bless
Our humble efforts with success ;
And while we seek the young to train,
Let not our labour be in vain.

433 *Anniversary hymn for a school.* L. M.

GREAT God ! to thee our thanks we bring,
For all the blessings we enjoy ;
May we with grateful feelings sing,
While words of praise our lips employ.

2 From day to day, from year to year,
Our kind preserver thou hast been ;
And by thy grace we now are here,
Kept from the dangerous paths of sin.

3 Oh, keep us still, Almighty Lord !
Guide and defend our giddy youth ;
And grant to those a rich reward,
Who seek to lead us in thy truth.

4 Glory to thee, O Lord, we give ;
Thy providence and grace adore :
Oh, may we praise thee while we live,
And after death for evermore.

434 *Anniversary hymn.* C. P. M.

ALmighty God ! to thee we raise
Our tribute of united praise,
On this returning day :
Teachers and children meet once more,
Thy sparing mercy to adore,
And for thy grace to pray.

- 2 Before thy face, O Lord, we stand,
 A large and still increasing band,
 Thy blessing now to seek :
 While our glad voices thus combine,
 Oh, touch our hearts with grace divine,
 That we thy praise may speak.
- 3 Our happy eyes this day behold
 What kings and righteous men of old
 Desired in vain to see :
 And we shall see yet greater things,
 When thou, almighty King of kings !
 Shalt draw all men to thee.
- 4 Lord Jesus ! let the rising race
 Become the children of thy grace,
 To reign with thee above ;
 Into thy fold the wanderers bring,
 That they, with us, may learn to sing
 The wonders of thy love.

435

Children's praises.

C. M.

- O LORD, our Lord, whose wondrous name
 In all the earth is shown,
 The hosts of heaven can ne'er proclaim
 The glories of thy throne.
- 2 Yet from the mouth of infancy—
 From babes of tender years,
 Praises may rise, approved by thee,
 As music in thine ears.
- 3 Thou canst instruct their lisping tongue
 To speak thy praise abroad :

None are too feeble or too young
To glorify their God.

4 Thou dost ordain from such as these,
Thy cause shall strength receive,
To silence scoffing enemies,
And make the world believe.

5 The simple shall confound the wise,
If God ordain it so ;
And the weak things proud men despise,
Shall most his glory show.

6 O Father ! Lord of heaven and earth,
We thank thee for thy grace ;
Still own the babes of lowly birth,
And bless the rising race.

436

The eternal Sabbath.

C. M.

THE Sabbath is the day of rest
From earthly toil and care,
The holy day that God hath blessed,
The time for praise and prayer.

2 Now we must lay our toys aside,
And leave our sports and play :
Far better things doth God provide
For this his holy day.

3 The Sunday-school, the house of prayer,
With open doors invite :
We see our kind instructors there,
And pleasant is the sight.

4 And there we read and hear that word
Which makes the simple wise ;

And learn to know and fear the Lord,
And heavenly truth to prize.

5 There too we sing our Saviour's love,
Who from the dead arose;
Who lives, and from his throne above
Eternal life bestows.

6 May we improve our Sabbaths more,
And thus for heaven prepare;
That we may spend, when life is o'er,
An endless Sabbath there.

437 *Behaviour in the house of prayer. C. M.*

WHEN to the house of prayer I go,
Upon the Sabbath-day,
It would be very wrong, I know,
To trifle or to play.

2 If my companions talk with me,
Or rude behaviour show,
Let me remember God can see,
And I must not do so.

3 His holy word I ought to hear
With reverence and delight:
If inattentive I appear,
'Tis sinful in his sight.

4 And when I hear God's word, or pray,
Or use my voice to sing,
How wrong to look about or play,
Or mind some other thing!

5 I know 'tis wrong, and yet my heart
So foolish is and vain,

Unless the Lord his grace impart,
I may do so again.

- 6 Then grant to me thy grace, O Lord,
To watch my heart with care;
That I may mind and keep thy word,
And love the house of prayer.

438 *On changing place of abode.* L. M.

SOLE Sovereign of the earth and skies,
Supremely good, supremely wise,
Fix thou the place of our abode,
But let it still be near our God.

- 2 On earth we weary pilgrims roam,
Nor find, nor hope a lasting home;
We seek a house not made with hands,
A heavenly house which ever stands.
- 3 Yet while we sojourn here below,
Let streams of mercy round us flow;
And when our destined race is run,
Give us a mansion near thy throne.

439 *God all in all.* H. M.

BY whom was David taught
To aim that dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,—
And laid the Gittite low?—

No sword nor spear the stripling took;
But chose a pebble from the brook.

- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight;

Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.

Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who ordered Gideon forth
To storm the invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpet made his coming known;
And all the host was overthrown.

4 Oh! I have seen the day
When with a single word,—
God helping me to say,
My trust is in the Lord,—
My soul has quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,—
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side?
Yet David's Lord and Gideon's friend
Will help his servants to the end.

440

The song of jubilee.

7's.

HARK! the song of jubilee:
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;

Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled;
Sheathed his sword: he speaks, 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

441

The watchman's report.

7's.

“WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.”

“Traveller! o'er yon mountains' height
See the glory-beaming star.”

“Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?”

“Traveller! yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.”

2 “Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.”

- “Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.”
- “Watchman! will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?”
- “Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o’er all the earth.”
- 3 “Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.”
- “Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.”
- “Watchman! let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.”
- “Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.”

442

Asking for the Holy Spirit. C. M.

- OUR heavenly Father bids us ask
The blessings of his grace;
And 'tis a pleasure, not a task,
To seek our Father's face.
- 2 He looks on us with thoughts of love,
And promises to send
The Holy Spirit from above,
To be our guide and friend.
- 3 How much do we his guidance need,
Who are so prone to stray!
The Spirit will to Jesus lead,
And teach us how to pray.
- 4 And he will show us heavenly things,
And form our hearts anew,
- 310

To serve and love the King of kings,
As saints and angels do.

3 O Lord! that promised gift bestow,
And fill us with thy love;
That we may serve thee here below,
And dwell with thee above.

443

The guide of youth.

L. M.

HOW shall a young man cleanse his way,
And shun the road that leads astray?—
To all his steps he must take heed,
And by the word of God proceed.

2 A thousand foes his path surround,
And snares on every hand are found;
How needful is the lamp of truth
To guide our inexperienced youth!

3 The word of life is in our hands,
But who its value understands?
Oh, may we learn to prize it more,
And with its truths our memories store.

4 By this, through life, may we be led,
Instructed, warned and comforted:
By this a glorious hope attain,
And an immortal kingdom gain.

444

All good from God.

C. M.

ALL that is good from God proceeds,
All evil from within;
One wicked thought to others leads,
And those to acts of sin.

- 2 Have I a single good desire?—
 Then must I freely own,
 'Twas God who did that wish inspire;
 It came from him alone.
- 3 And I must cherish it with care,
 That it may take deep root;
 And daily water it by prayer,
 That it may bring forth fruit.
- 4 My weak endeavours God will bless,
 My best desires fulfil,
 If onward in his ways I press,
 And seek to do his will.
- 5 O Lord, my feeble faith increase,
 And still more grace bestow;
 And let me find that inward peace
 Which none but Christians know.
- 6 Oh, give me power to conquer sin;
 With grace my soul defend;
 And that good work in me begin,
 Which shall in glory end.

445

Praise to Christ.

8, 7, 4.

- WHY did Jesus come from heaven,
 Live a suffering life and die?
 'Twas that we might be forgiven,
 And hereafter live on high.
 Let us praise him,
 Now he reigns above the sky.
- 2 Jesus is the only Saviour;
 All our hope from Jesus springs:

Jesus is the world's Redeemer,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.
 Let us praise him,
 For his grace salvation brings.

3 Jesus kindly will receive us,
 Who to him for refuge flee :
 Jesus never can deceive us ;
 Our unchanging friend is he.
 Let us praise him :
 From our sins he sets us free.

4 May we know his full salvation,
 And, when this short life is o'er,
 Reach that heavenly habitation,
 Whither he is gone before.
 May we praise him
 In his kingdom evermore !

446 *Praise for religious privileges.* C. M.

O THOU ! whose condescending ear
 Regards e'en children's praise,
 Now in thy presence we appear,
 Our cheerful song to raise.

2 We thank thee, Lord, that we are trained
 To walk in wisdom's way :
 Our feet from evil paths restrained,
 Which lead the soul astray.

3 We praise thy name that we are brought
 So near thy mercy-seat ;
 By precept and example taught
 To sit at Jesus' feet.

4 Oh, while we hear the gracious words
Which our Redeemer spake,
May we resolve to be the Lord's,
And ne'er his ways forsake.

5 Spirit divine! thy grace impart,
To make us all thine own;
Henceforth may we from sin depart,
And live to God alone.

447

Praise to the Redeemer.

8, 7, 4.

LORD, while holy angels praise thee,
In their never-ceasing songs;
While thy saints delight to bless thee—
Thee to whom all praise belongs,
Wilt thou hearken
To the praise of infant tongues?

2 Yes, we know our feeble voices
Thou dost condescend to hear;
Thou canst perfect thine own praises
From the mouths of children here;
None so humble,
But their voice may reach thine ear.

3 Thanks we give thee, O our Saviour!
Who didst come to save the lost;
Thine own blood, Divine Redeemer!
Was the price our ransom cost:
Thou canst save us
Even to the uttermost.

4 While we sing our glad hosannas,
While our tongues thy love proclaim,

Pour, oh ! pour thy Spirit on us—
 Us for thine own children claim ;
 So, for ever,
 Will we love and praise thy name.

448

The Bible.

C. M.

GREAT God ! thy word to us is given,
 To guard our souls from sin ;
 It shows the only path to heaven,
 And bids us walk therein.

2 To read and love thy holy word,
 Oh, may we be inclined !
 With reverence may its truths be heard,
 And treasured in our mind.

3 Open our eyes, that we may see
 The wonders written there ;
 And turn with our whole heart to thee,
 And shun each hurtful snare.

4 Thus may we find the path to heaven,
 In these our youthful days ;
 And the blest volume thou hast given
 Direct us in thy ways.

449

On recovery from sickness.

C. M.

LORD, thou hast heard my humble voice,
 For all my pains depart ;
 Oh, grant that I may now rejoice
 With thankfulness of heart.

2 Many have died as young as I,
 Though nursed with equal care ;

But God in pity heard me cry,
And has been pleased to spare.

3 Let me improve the years, or days,
Thy mercy lends me here;
And show my gratitude and praise,
By living in thy fear.

4 The kindness that my friends have shown,
Oh, teach me to repay,
By double kindness of my own,
In every future day.

5 And lest I need thy rod again,
I pray thee to impart,
As long as health or life remain,
A thankful, humble heart.

450

For a teachers' meeting.

7's

GOD of union, God of love!
With thy sanctifying power,
From the realms of light above,
Bless us in this solemn hour.

2 Holy Ghost, descend and bring
Heavenly peace and godly fear;
And beneath thy guardian wing
Shelter all before thee here.

3 Bless our tender charge; impart
What shall most to thee incline;
Oh, reclaim each wandering heart,
Seal them! Seal them ever thine!

4 Bless their teachers! grant to each
All our great employments need;

Show us rightly how to teach
Not by word alone, but deed.

- 5 Make us faithful to the end,
While our duties we fulfil;
And the promised blessing send,
Like the dew on Hermon's hill.

451 *Superiority of the Scriptures.* S. M.

O LORD, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright,
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit and delight.

- 2 Celestial beams it sheds
To cheer this vale below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

- 3 True wisdom it imparts,
Commands our hope and fear;
Oh, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there!

452 *Loveliness of youthful piety.* S. M.

O WHAT a lovely sight,
To see our tender youth
Follow the Saviour with delight,
And tread the paths of truth.

- 2 They who begin so soon,
With swifter speed shall run;
More bright and sweet shall be their noon,
More fair their evening sun.

453, 454 MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 When we can work no more,
They shall the cause extend;
Till every knee, from shore to shore,
At Jesus' name shall bend.

453 *Sympathy with children.* C. M.

BE ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth;
And lead the mind, that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

- 2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

- 3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

- 4 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honours of thy name be spread—
Be all the glory thine!

454 *"Help us, O God!"* L. M.

GREAT God! our feeble efforts own,
And crown our labours with success;
Grant that the seed in weakness sown,
May soon be raised in righteousness.

- 2 On babes and children mercy show,
And let their souls before thee live;

For we may plant and water too,
But thou alone canst increase give.

3 Seal our instructions on each heart,
And teach them to observe thy ways;
Lead them to choose the "better part,"
And serve thee in their youthful days.

4 Then we and they, when time shall end,
Shall joyful meet thee in the sky;
Before thy gracious footstool bend,
And praise thee through eternity.

455 *Blessing asked.* H. M.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow.
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

456 *Return of the prodigal.* C. M.

THE prodigal, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land;
While servants of my father share
The bounty of his hand.

- 3 "With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."
- 4 Far off he saw him slowly move,
In pensive silence mourn;
The father ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew;
The prodigal is found!

- WHILE wicked men pretend
Their tongues are all their own,
Great God! with meekness we confess
That ours are thine alone.
- 2 For thou our lips hast made,
And in the judgment-day,
How strict the reckoning thou wilt take
Of every thing we say!
- 3 Yes, words of angry strife,
And foolish words and vain,
And false and envious and unclean,
And words that are profane:
- 4 All, all are heard by thee,
And if not now forgiven,
However idly uttered here,
Will keep us out of heaven.

- 5 Then set a watch, O Lord,
And guard our lips from sin;
And lest we ever should offend,
Create us pure within.
- 6 Past words of sin forgive,
Which we to thee confess,
And help us, that henceforward, Lord,
Our mouths may not transgress.

458

God's promise sure.

S. M.

- MY son! know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guiding hand by day.
- 2 Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him in fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

459

Hopes of heaven.

S. 5.

IF this life should last for ever,
'Twould be sad for me;
I should see my Saviour never,
Whom I long to see.
All my blissful hopes of heaven
Soon would fade away,

If to me the boon were given,
 Here on earth to stay.
 Then if this life, &c.

2 Now on hope's bright pinions soaring,
 Far away from earth,
 I can feel, with heart adoring,
 Joys of heavenly birth.
 All the joys of earth are fleeting,
 Dearest friends may die;
 But there is a place of meeting
 At our home on high.
 Then if this life, &c.'

460

The Sabbath a good day.

S. M

HOW pleasant is the dawn
 Of this delightful day!

Now, with our teachers, we would join
 To read and praise and pray.

2 And may the God of love
 Their kind endeavours own,
 That we and they may meet above,
 To sing before his throne.

3 But may we not forget
 That this can never be,
 Except our hearts are changed by grace,
 And we from sin set free.

4 Blest Saviour! hear our cry,
 And grant us *all* thy grace;
 Thus make us fit, while here below,
 To dwell in thine embrace.

461

Welcoming a pastor.

C. M.

- THE sun, that lights yon broad, blue sky,
 May see his radiance dim;
 The stars, that circle bright and high,
 May hush their joyous hymn;—
- 2 The spring may breathe her balmy airs,
 Yet earth no verdure show:
 The purest love a mother bears
 May lose its wonted glow;—
- 3 But still within the Saviour's breast
 There dwells a quenchless flame;
 The earth may sink, the hills depart,—
 It lives, it burns the same.
- 4 O ransomed church! the Son of God
 Still loves thy children well;
 For thee the paths of death he trod;
 'Tis thine his grace to tell.
- 5 Saviour! thy messenger we greet
 Within this hallowed spot;
 Oh, may we here thy presence meet;
 Our God! forsake us not.

462

Children brought to Jesus.

C. M.

- YOUNG children were to Jesus brought,
 His blessing to obtain;
 And never was his blessing sought
 By old or young in vain.
- 2 When his disciples would have sent
 These little ones away,

Jesus rebuked the harsh intent,
And kindly bade them stay.

3 "Let little children come to me,
Nor from my arms be driven;
For these, and such as these, shall be,
The blessed heirs of heaven:

4 "Forbid them not to ask my grace,
Though with a feeble tongue;
Forbid them not to seek my face;
They cannot be too young."

463

"Oh, that will be joyful!"

P. M.

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.

Oh! that will be joyful!

Joyful, joyful, joyful!

Oh! that will be joyful!

When we meet to part no more.

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.

Oh! that will be joyful! &c.

3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday-school.

Oh! that will be joyful! &c.

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

Oh! that will be joyful! &c.

- 5 Oh, how happy we shall be!
 For our Saviour we shall see,
 Exalted on his throne!
 Oh! that will be joyful! &c.
- 6 There we all shall sing with joy,
 And eternity employ
 In praising Christ the Lord.
 Oh! that will be joyful! &c.

464

The school gathering.

L. M.

WE come! we come! with loud acclaim,
 To sing the praise of Jesus' name;
 And make the vaulted temple ring
 With loud hosannas to our King.
 With joyful heart and smiling face,
 We gather round the throne of grace,
 And lowly bend to offer there,
 From youthful lips, our humble prayer—
 To Him who slept on Mary's knee,
 A gentle child as young as we.

- 2 We come! we come! the song to swell,
 To Him who loved our world so well;
 That, stooping from his Father's throne,
 He died to claim it as his own.
 With joy we haste the aisles to fill,
 Yet youthful bands are gathering still.
 Oh, thus may we, in heaven above,
 Unite in praises and in love;
 And still the angels fill their home
 With joyful cry, "They come! they come!"

465 *A revival of religion implored.* S. M.

- COME, Spirit of the Lord,
 Our Comforter, our Guide;
 Oh, sanctify us through thy word,
 In every heart reside.
- 2 Be it our greatest fear
 The Spirit to provoke;
 His voice within still may we hear,
 Nor spurn his easy yoke.
- 3 Be it our highest bliss
 His gracious fruits to know;
 His meekness, love and gentleness,
 Goodness and faith, to show.
- 4 Still in the Spirit live;
 And, walking in his love,
 We shall all blessings here receive,
 And reign with him above.

466 *For the Spirit's influences.* S. M.

- GREAT God, now condescend
 To bless the rising race;
 Soon may their willing spirits bend
 To thy victorious grace!
- 2 Oh, what unmixed delight,
 Their happiness to see!
 Our warmest wishes all unite
 To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 O Lord, thy Spirit pour
 Upon our infant seed!

Oh, bring the longed-for, happy hour,
That makes them thine indeed.

- 4 Thus let our favoured race
Surround thy sacred board;
There to extol thy sovereign grace,
And praise their dying Lord.

467 *For a blessing upon the schools.* L. M.

THOU God of love and mercy, hear
Our grateful vows, our fervent prayer,
And with thy choicest favours bless,
And own, as thine, the rising grace.

- 2 Incline their hearts to learn thy will,
Their opening minds with knowledge fill;
Impress thine image on their breast,
And guide them to eternal rest.

468 *For the conversion of children.* S. M.

CREATOR! Saviour! God!

We raise our hearts to thee;
And, resting on thy precious blood,
We bend our suppliant knee.

- 2 Oh, deign to hear our prayer,
And save the youthful race;
Convert the children of our care,
By thine almighty grace.

- 3 Make them to feel thy love,
Teach them to lisp thy praise;
While strains seraphic from above,
Re-echo youthful lays.

- 4 Oh, guide their roving feet
In paths of truth divine;
May rays of heavenly glory meet
And round their footsteps shine.

469

Body and soul.

S. M

- I BLESS my Maker's name,
The good, the wise, the great!
From him my life and being came:
He only can create.
- 2 These active limbs of min^e,
That serve me at my will,
Formed of the dust by power divine,
Show forth his wondrous skill.
- 3 This body will decay,
Through sin 'tis doomed to die;
And all these limbs of mine, one day,
Must in the graveyard lie.
- 4 But, oh! I have a soul
That death can never touch:
This world, if I could gain the whole,
Would not be worth so much.
- 5 In endless joy or pain
My soul alive will stay:
My body too will live again,
At the great judgment-day.
- 6 Though sun and moon decay,
Jesus is still my friend,
And when I've past life's fleeting day,
To heaven I shall ascend.

470 *For a new-year or birth-day.* C. M.

LORD of my life! whose word of power
Did first inspire my breath,
'Tis thou hast kept me to this hour,
From danger and from death.

2 Spared to commence another year,
The past I now review:
How numerous do my sins appear!
How great thy mercies, too!

3 I thank thee for thy tender care
Through all my infant days,
And for each privilege I share,
That still thy love displays.

4 For Jesus' sake, my sins forgive,
And strengthen me in grace;
That to thy glory I may live,
And run the Christian race.

5 How long or short my course may be,
'Tis not for me to know;
But may I yield my heart to thee,
And in thy favour grow.

471 *Youthful consecration.* 8, 7.

SAVIOUR! while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee;
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine and only thine to be.
Take me, now, Lord Jesus! take me,
Let my youthful heart be thine:

Thy devoted servant make me ;
 Fill my soul with love divine.

2 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
 Only do thou guide my way ;
 May thy grace through life attend me,
 Gladly then shall I obey.
 Let me do thy will, or bear it,
 I would know no will but thine ;
 Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it,
 I that life to thee resign.

3 May this solemn dedication
 Never once forgotten lie ;
 Let it know no revocation,
 Published and confirmed on high.
 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
 To thy service set apart ;
 Suffer me to leave thee never ;
 Seal thine image on my heart.

HOW great, and good, and wise,
 Must God our Maker be ;
 Who formed the earth and skies,
 And every thing we see ;—
 The sun that gives us warmth and light,
 And moon and stars that shine by night.

2 And all that live and move
 In earth and sea and air,
 His power and wisdom prove,
 His bounteous love declare :

Birds, beasts and fishes, great and small,
And creeping things,—he made them all.

3 We are his creatures, too ;

He formed us for his praise ;

That we his will might do,

And serve him all our days ;

And then, through Christ's redeeming love,
Live in a better world above.

4 Then let us praise the Lord,

And all his works admire,

And seek him in his word,

And there his will inquire :

Then we at length shall reach the place
Where we shall see our Saviour's face.

473

Who is God ?

C. M.

GOD is a Spirit great in might,

Most holy, just and true ;

He dwells in heaven, above our sight,

And he can all things do.

2 Jehovah is his glorious name ;

There is no God beside ;

He always was and is the same,

And ever will abide.

3 And he is good as well as great,

Kind, merciful and wise ;

He, who did all at first create,

The wants of all supplies.

4 Him only should we praise and serve,

To him all worship pay ;

474, 475 MISCELLANEOUS.

His just and holy laws observe,
And all his will obey.

5 Great God! thy face we cannot see;
Thou reignest far above;
Yet may we ever think of thee
With reverence and with love.

474

Obedient children.

S. M

WHEN parents love the Lord,
Their little ones are taught
To know the precepts of his word,
And do the things they ought.

2 And children, if they pray
A happy life to spend,
Must hear what godly parents say,
And to their guidance bend.

3 A disobedient son
Shall surely come to ill;
The curse of God will follow one
Who so resists his will.

4 My Saviour! form my youth
In meekness like to thine;
So blessings from the God of truth
O'er all my life shall shine.

475

God every where present.

C. M.

NONE is like God, who reigns above,
So great, so pure, so high;
None is like God, whose name is love,
And who is always nigh.

- 2 In all the earth there is no spot
Excluded from his care :
We cannot go where God is not,
For he is every where.
- 3 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see ;
And all our thoughts to him are known,
Whatever they may be.
- 4 He is our best and kindest friend,
And guards us night and day :
To all our wants he will attend,
And answer when we pray.
- 5 Oh, if we love him as we ought,
And on his grace rely,
We shall be joyful at the thought
That God is always nigh.

476

Christian life.

L. M.

- AND is the gospel peace and love !
Such let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 When'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to
strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life !
- 3 Oh how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !

Be this the temper of our mind,
And this the rule by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal,
Shone through his life, divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
If then we love our Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

6 But ah, how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide!

477

Lord's prayer.

C. M.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

478 *The tribute and prayer of children. C. M.*

ALMIGHTY Father! Heavenly King!
Who rul'st the world above,
Accept the tribute children bring
Of gratitude and love.

2 To thee, each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we pay;
And ere the night hath closed our eyes,
We thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word hath given;
That children, such as we, may find
The path that leads to heaven.

4 O Lord, extend thy gracious hand
To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that blissful land
Where dwells eternal truth.

479 *Hymn for a child. C. M.*

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

2 A fallen creature I was born,
And from thy grace I strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;

480, 481 MISCELLANEOUS.

And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

4 To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home—
Their tears he'll wipe away.

5 For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

480 *God's grace implored.* C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, while earth and heaven
Thy power and skill proclaim,
Wilt thou permit a child to sing
The honour of thy name?

2 The early dawn of opening life
Has proved thy guardian care;
Oh, may I through my future years,
Thy grace and goodness share.

3 Now, may I give myself to thee,
And in thy name confide;
Most gracious God, oh, deign to be
My Father, Friend, and Guide.

481 *Pity for the heathen.* L. M.

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

- 2 How do I pity those who dwell
Where ignorance with darkness reigns!
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.
- 3 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on Christian ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

482

The spirit of prayer.

C. M.

- THE Lord attends when children pray,
A whisper he can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish, or fear.
- 2 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to him are known,
Wherever we may be.
- 3 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say:
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.
- 4 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright,
Thy grace to us impart,
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve thee with the heart.
- 5 Then, heavenly Father! at thy throne
Thy praise we will proclaim:
And daily our requests make known,
In our Redeemer's name.

483 *The child's morning hymn.* 4, 6

THE morning bright,
 With rosy light,
 Has waked me up from sleep ;
 Father, I own,
 Thy love alone
 Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,
 I humbly pray,
 Be thou my guard and guide ;
 My sins forgive,
 And let me live,
 Blest Jesus, near thy side.

3 O make thy rest
 Within my breast,
 Great Spirit of all grace ;
 Make me like thee,
 Then shall I be
 Prepared to see thy face.

484 *The child's desire.*

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of
 old,

When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children, as lambs to
 his fold,

I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on
 my head,

That his arm had been thrown around me,

That I might have seen his kind look
when he said,

“Let little children come unto me.”

- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

485 *Safety of godly children.* C. M.

HAPPY the children who betimes
Have learned to know the Lord ;
Who, through his grace, escape the crimes .
Forbidden in his word.

- 2 Should they be early hence removed,
He will their souls receive ;
For they whom Jesus here hath loved
With him shall ever live.

486 *A child's prayer in sickness.* C. M.

MY Father ! hear the humble prayer
In sickness raised to thee ;
Thy word has bid me cast my care
On him who cares for me.

- 2 A sinful child I know I am ;
But when I suffer pain,
Thy word directs me to the Lamb,
Who was for sinners slain.

- 3 Oh, help me, Saviour, to repose
On thine own gracious word ;

All things shall work for good to those
Who fear and love the Lord.

- 4 If thou shouldst life and health renew,
And strength to me restore ;
With richer grace my soul endue,
To serve thee evermore.

487

Christ liveth in me.

7's.

· **L**OVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what thou'art ;
Live thyself within my heart.

- 2 I shall then show forth thy praise ;
Serve thee all my happy days ;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy child in me.

488

Evening prayer.

8, 7.

JESUS! tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless thy little lamb to-night!

Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

- 2 All this day thy hand has led me—
And I thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me—
Listen to my evening prayer.

- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven !
Bless the friends I love so well !
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there, with thee to dwell.

489

For a sick child.

L. M.

ALMIGHTY God! I'm very ill,
Oh, heal me if it be thy will;
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.

2 Let me be patient all the day,
And mind what those who nurse me say;
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good, for Jesus' sake.

490

Recovery from sickness.

C. M

I THANK the Lord who lives on high,
Who heard an infant pray;
And healed me that I should not die,
And took my pains away.

2 Oh, let me love and serve thee too,
As long as I shall live;
And every evil thing I do,
For Jesus' sake forgive.

491

Infant praise.

8, 7

HUMBLE praises, holy Jesus!
Infant voices raise to Thee;
In thy arms, O Lord, receive us,
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2 Blessed Saviour! thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to thee;
Once by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst bless such ones as we.

492, 493 MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Thanks to thee, who freely gave us
Thy exalted Son to die
From eternal death to save us.
Glory be to God on high!

492

Infant's prayer.

7's.

JESUS, Saviour, Son of God!
Who, for me, life's pathway trod,
Who, for me, became a child;
Make me humble, meek and mild.
2 I thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow thee;
Samuel was thy child of old,
Take me, too, within thy fold.

493

The child's prayer.

7's.

JESUS, see a little child
Humbly at thy footstool stay;
Thou who art so meek and mild
Stoop and teach me what to say.
2 Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view, with smiling face,
Little children when they cry,
"Saviour! guide us by thy grace."
3 Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.
4 Jesus! all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart,
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.

494 *Little child's missionary hymn.* H. M.

CAN I, a little child
Do any thing for those
Who are by sin defiled,
To lighten their sad woes?

I cannot see a reason why
I should not, if I really try.

2 First, then, I would implore
The Lord to change their heart;
Then from my little store
I freely will impart.

That some kind teacher may be given
To point out Christ, the way to heaven.

3 How would such joyful news
Their inmost souls delight!
And who would then refuse
To give their feeble mite,
That every heathen child may know,
What blessings Jesus can bestow.

495 *Praise to God.* 6, 4.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"

Angels, his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Saints, sing for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye, who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,

Praising his name ;
 Ye, who have felt his blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound through the earth abroad,
 “ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

3 Join, all the ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless,
 Praise ye his name :
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 “ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

4 Soon must we change our place,
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name :
 Still will we tribute bring ;
 Hail him our gracious King ;
 And through all ages sing,
 “ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

496

Dismission.

8, 7, 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace !
 Let us, each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 Oh, refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;

May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound!
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found!

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey—
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day!

497 *A little child's prayer.* 7's.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child;
 Pity my simplicity,
 Suffer me to come to thee.

498 *Children called to Christ.* 6, 5.

LIKE mist on the mountain,
 Like ships on the sea,
 So swiftly the years
 Of our pilgrimage flee;
 In the grave of our fathers,
 How soon we shall lie!
 Dear children, to-day
 To a Saviour fly.

2 When Samuel was young,
 He first knew the Lord,
 He slept in his smile,
 And rejoiced in his word;

So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh;
Oh, seek him in youth,
To a Saviour fly.

3 Do you ask me for pleasure?
Then lean on his breast,
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death,
You will triumphing cry,
"If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die."

499

Come to Sunday-school.

COME! come! come!
Come to the Sunday-school:
The hour is past and gone;
It is our teacher's rule,—
So hasten every one.

2 Come! come! come!
Come to the Sunday-school:
It is the hour of prayer;
We break our teacher's rule,—
So hasten, hasten there.

3 Come! come! come!
Come to the Sunday-school:
Hark! don't you hear the bell?
I will not break the rule,—
So, lingering child! farewell.

500 *"Concerning Jesus of Nazareth."* 8, 7.

HAVE you read the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's life and death,
How he left his throne of glory,
And for us resigned his breath?

2 May a helpless child approach him
And his tender pity crave?
Will it not be deemed encroaching,—
Will he such a sinner save?

3 Yes; for with compassion beaming
From his kind and tender eye,
While with love his words are teeming,
Hear this blessed Saviour cry;

4 "Come and welcome, 'tis my pleasure
Little children to receive;
Those who seek me find a treasure
Which this world can never give."

5 Lord, I come; and would surrender
All I am and have, to thee,
While I cry, "What shall I render
To the Lord, for calling me?"

501 *Christ crucified.* 7's

LO, at noon 'tis sudden night!
Darkness covers all the sky!
Rocks are rending at the sight!
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies on Calvary!

- 2 Nailed upon the cross, behold
How his tender limbs are torn!
For a royal crown of gold
They have made him one of thorn:
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!
- 3 See! the blood is falling fast
From his forehead and his side;
Hark! he now has breathed his last;
With a mighty groan he died.
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die? *
- 4 He, who was a King above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty he might save;
Down to this sad world he flew,
For such little ones as you.
- 5 We were wretched, weak and vile,
We deserved his holy frown;
But he saw us with a smile,
And to save us hastened down.
Listen, children! this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

HOW pleasant thus to dwell below
In fellowship of love!
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.

Oh! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful,

To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more.
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song,
With those who've gone before.

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.

Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

3 The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.

Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may join
In never-ending praise.

Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

503

The year of Jubilee.

H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 2 Exalt the Son of God,
 The sin-atonng Lamb :
 Redemption by his blood
 To all the world proclaim :
 The year, &c.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Come take it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love :
 The year, &c.
- 4 The gospel trumpet sounds,
 Let all the nations hear,
 And earth's remotest bounds
 Before the throne appear :
 The year, &c.

WHEN little Samuel woke,
 And heard his Maker's voice,
 At every word he spoke,
 How much did he rejoice !
 Oh, blessed, happy child, to find
 The God of heaven so near and kind.

- 2 If God would speak to me,
 And say he was my friend,
 How happy should I be !
 Oh, how would I attend !
 The smallest sin I then should fear,
 If God Almighty were so near.

- 3 And does he never speak?
O yes! for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard;
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.
- 4 And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed:
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.
- 5 Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard;"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

505

Creative wisdom.

C. M

- WHO taught the bird to build her nest,
Of wool and hay and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?
- 2 Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay her store of honey by,
To serve in winter hours?
- 3 Who taught the little ant the way
Her narrow path to bore,

And through the pleasant summer day
To gather up her store?

4 'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave them all their skill;
And teaches children how to pray,
And do his holy will.

506 "Consider the lilies." C. M.

I LOVE to look upon a flower,
I love its pleasant smell;
It tells me much of him whose power
Made it and all things well.

2 It seems to say—How good is God,
Who made it bright and fair,
To please the eye, and cast abroad
Sweet fragrance on the air!

3 I love to look upon a flower;
It tells me God is wise,
To comprehend his love and power,
My spirit vainly tries.

507 The holy Sabbath. L. M.

THIS day belongs to God alone:
He chose the Sabbath for his own;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is God's holy day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven:
Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God and growing good.

3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week;
And be the better every day,
For what we hear our teachers say.

4 And every Sabbath should be past,
As if we knew it were our last:
What would the dying sinner give
To have one Sabbath more to live!

508 *Exhortation to universal praise.* L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord:
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

509 *Self-examination.* L. M.

DID I this morn devoutly pray
For God's assistance through the day?
And did I read his sacred word,
To make my life therewith accord?

2 Did I for any purpose try
To hide the truth, and tell a lie?
Was I obedient, humble, mild,
As well becomes a Christian child?
3 Did I my thoughts with prudence guide
Checking ill-humour, anger, pride?
Did I with cheerful patience bear
The little ills we all must share?

- 4 To all my duties through the day
Did I a due attention pay?
And did I, when the day was o'er,
God's watchful care again implore?
- 5 Search me, O God, and try my heart;
If evil lurks in any part,
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

510

For a dying child.

C. M

- MY heavenly Father! I confess
That all thy ways are just;
Although I faint with sore distress,
And now draw near the dust.
- 2 How soon my little strength has fled!
My life will soon be past:
Oh smile upon my dying bed,
And love me to the last.
- 3 Once did the blessed Saviour cry,
"Let little children come;"
On this kind word I would rely,
Since I am going home.
- 4 Oh, take this guilty soul of mine
That now will soon be gone,
And wash it clean, and make it shine
With heavenly garments on.
- 5 My heavenly Father! hear my prayer,
Accept my feeble praise;
And let me quickly meet thee where
A nobler song I'll raise.

511

Child's thoughts of God.

L. M.

- WHEN I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of One I cannot see,
But One who sees and cares for me.
- 2 His name is God! He gave me birth:
And every living thing on earth,
And every tree and plant that grows
To the same hand its being owes.
- 3 'Tis he my daily food provides,
And all that I require besides;
And when I close my slumbering eye,
I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.
- 4 Then surely I should ever love
This gracious God who reigns above;
For very kind indeed is he,
To love a little child like me.

512

A morning hymn.

C. M.

- MY God, who mak'st the sun to know
His proper hour to rise;
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies;
- 2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day,—

513, 514 MISCELLANEOUS.

Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

513

The narrow way.

C. M.

THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray :

'Tis narrow, yet a pleasant road,
And Christians love the way.

- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed ;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.

- 3 While that broad road where thousands go
Lies near, and opens fair ;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

- 4 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

514

Sincerity in worship.

C. M

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,

God does not care for what I say
Unless I feel it too.

- 2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile ;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.
- 3 Oh, let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.
- 4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

515

Children's prayer.

L. M

- O LORD, behold before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend ;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.
- 2 Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live,
For ever safe, for ever blest.
- 3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray ;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
- 4 Oh, let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there ;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

516

The goodness of God.

C. M.

HOW kind in all his works and ways
Must our Creator be ;
We learn some lesson of his praise
From every thing we see.

2 The glorious sun that blazes high,
The moon more pale and dim,
With all the stars that fill the sky,
Are made and ruled by him.

3 And this vast world of ours below,
The water and the land,
And all the trees and flowers that grow,
Were fashioned by his hand.

4 Yes, and he formed our infant race,
And he is ever near
To those who early seek his face
By humble, earnest prayer.

517

Guide of my youth.

S. M.

NOW, in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know ;
O God ! thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;

Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 Lord! let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my future days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined;
Oh, let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

6 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern,
That leads to endless day.

518

"Suffer them to come."

7's.

SAVIOUR, may a little child
Through thy grace be reconciled,
Who can feel, indeed, within,
Much of evil, much of sin?

2 Yes; thou saidst, and that's my plea,
"Suffer them to come to me;
Turn no little child away,
Heaven is filled with such as they."

3 Saviour; to thine arms I fly,
Ere my childhood passes by;
In thy fear my years be passed,
Whether first, or midst, or last.

519

Eternity.

C. M.

THE sun that lights the world shall fade,
The stars shall pass away;
But I, a child immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth and all its holds have fled,
Eternity is mine.

3 For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But I must live in heaven on high,
Or dwell where darkness reigns.

4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, oh! let me flee;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must FOR EVER be?

520

Danger of delay.

L. M.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
To seek for heaven or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heaven,
I may be hardened in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

3 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offered grace,

- And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place!
- 4 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace ;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

521

Temperance hymn.

S. M.

- M**OURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong :
Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God hath bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 4 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free ;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 5 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Doxologies.

522

Invocation of the Trinity.

6, 4.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days !

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall ;
Let thy almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed—
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword ;
Our prayer attend :
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success !
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter !
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,

And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !

5 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore :
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

523

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Your highest honours raise ;
Glory to God the Son.

To God the Spirit praise :
With all our powers, eternal King !
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

524

7's.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love :
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

525

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

526

8, 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

527

C. M.

LET God,—the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit,—be adored,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

528

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

529

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, three in one,
 Be honour, praise and glory given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

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